THE

SIEGE

OF

Constantinople;

A TRAGEDY

Acted at the DUKE'S *Theatre.*

Payne, H. N.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

Siege of *CONSTANTINOPLE.*

Poets and Duelliſts have the ſame Fate;
The braveſt man may be Unfortunate:
You that reſolve to rayle at every Play,
Like pious men, worldly delights betray;
But if you will ne're pleaſe your ſelves you may.
So mirth is loſt, whilſt Fools diſpraiſe the Wine;
So Punk *is dangerous be ſhe ne're ſo fine;*
Thus ſubtly you 'gainſt all your joys combine.
And warily by Arguments deſtroy
Thoſe very pleaſures which you ſhould enjoy:
Love Crown'd with Beauty and Succeſs can cloy.
Since at the beſt, your pleaſures are ſo few,
Make your ſelves any where you find 'em new.
Be kind to us; and ſhe who faild to Night:
This Play, if prais'd, to morrow will invite
To meet you here, and your loſt time requite.
'Tis true, of late you juſtly have complain'd:
But thank your ſelves for what your Niceneſs gain'd;
When you before were ſuch high Critticks grown,
As if Wit only were by Cenſuring known
In praiſing, where 'tis due, Wit may be ſhown.
Severity does modeſt Authors fright
Self-prizing Fops with French Aſſurance write.
Thoſe who have Wit, like wary Gameſters fear
To hazard ſums, where but ſmall gains appear.
Whilſt empty Fools more briskly do expoſe
A Reputation, which they cannot Loſe.

The

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UMI

The Persons Names.

Emperor of Constantinople.

Thomazo	His Brother.
Lord Chancellor	
Cardinal.	
Justiniano.	General.
Theophilus	L. Chamberlaine.
Dorello	Friend to *Thomazo.*
Michael and *Lorenzo*	The Chancellors Secretaries.
Andrea and *Lionello*	Two Captains.
Sinan.	A Turkish Bashaw.
Mutantrope	
Messenger.	
Servants.	
Calista	Chancellors Daughter.
Irene	Chamberlains Daughter.
Idoxia.	

Several Christian Souldiers.
Several Turkish Souldiers.
Mutes.

Scene *Constantinople.*

The SIEGE of Constantinople.

ACT I.

The Curtain drawn, discovers the Emperor, Thomazo, Theophilus, *and* Dorello *on one side of a Table, the Cardinal, Chancellor, and* Justiniano *on the other, as at Councel; they arise and* Exeunt, *all with great reverence to the Emperor, except* Thomazo *and* Dorello, *who stay with him.*

Thom. SIr, they have carry'd it, and you agree,
It is by strength of Argument & Reason;
Since they've the major part: yet I'le confess
I'm unconverted still. This Rule of most
Appears to me stark madness; when that most
Are plainly prejudic'd, and led by faction,
In that case be they ne're so numerous,
All should be counted nothing that they say,

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For ſuch arn't Counſellors but Advocates,
And plead the cauſe of their own Intereſt.
Emper. But Brother ſay, how Princes like my ſelf,
That circumſcribe our actions by our Laws,
Can ſteer through all the Labyrinths of ſtate,
Shun Rocks and ſholes hid under ſmootheſt brows;
Meet and diſpiſe croſs Tides, and adverſe Winds;
That run and blow from ſeveral States-mens heads,
More various in their Changes far than thoſe
That puzzle able Pilotes on the Sea;
What way I ſay, but by theſe major Votes,
The true Magnetick needle of the States.
Thom. Sir, I'le allow Conncels the perfect compaſs,
And major Votes in that the needle too.
But yet true Pilotes ſtill obſerve, the Cauſes
Of make that vary from the polar Star,
Which when they ſee it does, let that point on,
They mind it not, but to obſerve its errour;
And what lord *Headland* it would guide unto;
And he that does not this, though he may make
One Voyage ſafe, muſt not be call'd a Pilate;
And this is your caſe now. Your this days councel
That raſhly have adviſ'd you Sir for Warr,
Have ſeveral private reaſons for that Vote,
Beſides the ſpecious ones they back it with.
Emper. I cannot think it Sir: They're all wiſe-men,
And honeſt I believe; but were they not,
The grand concern this Councel has debated
Affects no leſs than all the Chriſtian world:
It is indeed, chuſe Chriſt or Mahomet,
Whoſe Law ſhall have the univerſal ſway,
And can a Chriſtian think that Chriſtians would
Give ſelfiſh Councels in their Saviours cauſe?
It is not charitable; it is not Brother
Now by my Crown you're too too poſitive,
And to no purpoſe neither. I'm reſolv'd—— [*Exeunt.*

Thom.

Thom. Resolv'd! on your own Ruine Sir I fear.
Christian! Ay, that's the word; but Interest
Is the thing. That Damn'd Chancellor,
Romes Pentionary lately, now the *Turks*——
Dorel. Nay, may be both's Sir still——
Thom. Most likely so.
H'has Province after Province, sold the Realm
To this one Town almost; yet now forsooth
It is below our Honours to pay Tribute,
'Las that may make a Title; as if a *Turk*
Regarded any Title but Possession;
Whilst we were able, I still prest a War,
To keep the danger further from our Home,
Or drive it o're the *Hellespont* again,
But then 'twas wisely urg'd that my Ambition
Aym'd to be popular amongst the Souldiers;
And this my Brothers jealousie gave ear to;
As if a Brother that would barely aim
At Empire by Disloyalty and Treason,
Would stand upon the way to compass it;
No, they mistake my temper: All I seek,
Is bright unsully'd glory: I'd not be
Sole Monarch of the world by one base deed;
No, by my great and everlasting hopes
I would not, my *Dorello.*
Dor. Sir, they know that too well, they durst not else
Play with the fire that might perhaps consume 'em;
But 'tis their sole Advantage you are honest.
Thom. And mine too; for the horrid pangs of guilt
That hourly torture them, and make 'em watch
The small and busie Whispers of the Crowd,
That buz in Courts, and make the thing call'd State
Ne're trouble me; I can undiscompos'd
Receive some ill-taught, rugged man oth'Guard,
Rudely advancing to me from his place
To ask some Boon; when they at such a time

Boggle, and stand amaz'd, expecting from him
The guilty, tho the well deserved blow:
Their Dreams too I'm assur'd are all compos'd
Of Prisons, Axes, Daggers, and suddain Stabs;
Flight after Battle, or such dreadful things,
When mine are made of sweet and pleasant walks,
By Crystal streams, set all with Bays and Mirtle;
Or else in Fields, where every step I take,
I meet a Love, or joyful Victory.
And who would have the best part of his life,
Sweet sleep so spoild, and lose its name of rest
By ills, whose ends obtain'd, are far less sollid.
Come then; whilst these bad men are faintly pleas'd
At this new Conquest o're th'Emperors soul,
And busily are framing Keys and Cyphers
Falsely to give as false Intelligence;
"Let thou and I *Dorello*, free from care,
"To mirth and love our joyful minutes spare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinal, Chancellor, Justiniano.

Card. The Prince *Thomazo* reason strongly urg'd
Against the War, and almost carry'd it;
He is a Prince of large and steady parts.

Chanc. Ay Sir, the more we justly fear his power;
The Empire dreads not more its forraign Foes,
Then it does him at home; besides, you see
How fiercely he proposes joyning with
The *Turks* themselves, rather than Western Kings.
There's rooted in his soul the Antient hate
This Empire shew'd in the first holy War,
When they betray'd those pious, valiant Knights,
Godfrey of *Bulloign*, *Robert* of *Normandy*,
And all the holy Cruciado'd Pilgrims,
That did accompany or follow them:
But let's no more of him; 'tis in his blood:
He hates both you and me, nay more unjustly
Envies the Deeds of our brave General,

Great

Great *Justiniano* here, without whose help
This barb'rous *Turk* would quickly swallow us:
But do not be discourag'd Sir; you'l find
The Emperor your true and faithful Friend:
And me your Servant, constant to your merit.

Justin. I do not doubt it Sir, nor fear his envy,
The *Genowees* my valiant Country-men,
Give them their pay, will fight in following me,
Till they and I perform such mighty things,
Shall turn that envy into admiration.
Envy me! It stirs my rage me-thinks to hear it nam'd,
That any *Greek*, though of the greatest blood,
Should so exalt his thoughts to envy me!

Chanc. Your Anger's great, & noble, Sir: but spare it;
'Twas his Ambition to have had your place.
And whilst that hope continu'd, he was still
Pressing for War, though now what man so Peaceful!
But fear him not; I'le watch the Emperour
That no affront shall e're be plac'd upon you.

Justin. On me affront! what Prince so hardy dares it?
Let him, that does it, though the *Turk* were here,
Here close before our Walls, expect and find,
I'le turn this noble City to a flame,
And then like *Zenophon* from th'mid'st of *Persia*,
I'd force my way through all the *Turkish* Camp,
And carry back my full four thousand men
To *Genoa* again. This I would do Sir,
And on the least Affront, by Heavens I would,
And tell the Emperor this, and so farewell;
You've heated me; I am not fit for Councel. [*Exeunt.*

Chanc. How his brave Rage becomes him! 'Tis a Crime
In a great Souldier to be Ceremonious,
They that can laugh at Death on days of's Triumph,
When circl'd round with Javelings, Spears, & Darts,
Arrows, Pikes, Partizans, and battle-Axes;
Mounted on Chariots, arm'd with murdering Sithes

Mowing down life it ſelf, in fields of men,
And prais'd by plaudits of the thundering Canon,
Almoſt annihilating thoſe they kill;
Thoſe that (I ſay) can meet Death thus and ſmile,
Need not concern themſelves in leſſer fears.

Card. He's of that Country fame has ever courted,
For Arts and Armes, ſweet fertile *Italy*,
And without Arrogance, though I'm its native:
I'le ſay, no Nation under Heav'n comes near it
Now; though its Eagles wings are quite diſplum'd
For Souldiers, States-men, or Philoſophers.

Chanc. We need not travel thither Sir for proof
That the true Romane vertue is not ſpent,
Which civiliz'd the greateſt part oth' World,
Since in your ſelf we have full evidence,
Your Eminence ſpeaks *Rome* in her full Luſter.

Card. My Lord, your Complement I'le ſend to *Rome*,
It was I know deſign'd his Holineſs,
And I'le not rob him of it: 'Tis too high
For me his poor and humble Immitator.
But my Lord,
All I can ſay won't heighten his eſteem
Of your true Zeal, Wiſdom or Piety,
That under Heaven are like to have the glory
Of rooting up this long continu'd Schiſme,
And giving to St. *Peters* Chaire his due.

Chanc. 'Tis all the honour in this world I wiſh.

Cardin. I'le not defer my Letters Sir for *Rome*,
That they may know your pious reſolution
Of ſtaking all againſt this barb'rous *Turk*.

Chanc. I wiſh your Eminence, would preſs them hard
For ſpeedy ſuccors, and that his Holineſs
Would interpoſe his ſacred admonitions
To reconcile the Kings of *France* and *England*,
That private diſcords, lay'd by them aſide,
They might aſſiſt the general Chriſtian Cauſe:

Card.

Card. I shall not fail it.
Chanc. Your Letters writ, the Emperors expres
Shall wait upon Eminence for them.
Card. Your Lordships faithful Servant.
Chanc. Your Eminencies Creature. [*Exeunt* Cardinal.
Who waits there? Call *Michael* my new
Secretary to me!
Dance mighty Genius at my growing Fate,
All things as well as Thee conspire my glory:
What a dull Earth-born crowd of groveling souls
Are all men but my self, I yet could meet with:
This Cardinal, the *Cato* now of *Rome*,
How I unnerve his Reason when I speak,
And make his Rhetorick lacqu't after mine.
That Souldier too, the *Cethegus* of *Genoa*;
How I can make him by one single word
Rage or be calme, humble or insolent;
These are good Tooles to work with, I confess,
But 'tis in hands, that mannage 'em like me,
Not in an Emperors, whose honest soul
Sees not the inside of his own affairs,
But winds and turns, totters, and then grows steddy,
Not as his own, but my designs require it. [Enter *Michael*.
Michael, my faithful friend, though
Seeming Servant——
Write presently to thy great Lord and mine,
That with all speed that may be, he advances,
And claps before our Walls; I in the Councel
According to my promise carry'd it
For War, and to refuse the Tribute he requires,
The Western Princes the wise Emperor
Relys on, will be long consulting on't
Before that they conclude of our relief,
And longer e're they send it.
Micha. What excuse
Shall I my Lord make unto *Synan Bassa*,

That

That you have taken in 4000 men
Under this *Justiniano*; These recruits——
Chanc. Shall make us far more feeble than we were,
As I will order it; for the Senate,
I'le still possess with jealousies and fears
Of Laws subverting, and religious change,
That they no aid shall to the Emperor give;
Then in due time these men shall mutiny,
And so the Town is his: besides, these Aydes
Were the sole argument against Prince *Thomazo*,
That we would weather out the growing storm
Till larger succors come from *Italy*.
Inform the Bassa this under your Cypher,
My Letters of the rest shall strengthen yours;
And bid *Lorenzo* come. [*Exeunt* Michael.
So much for *Adrianople*, now for *Rome*.

Enter *Lorenzo*.

Lorenzo! my ever true *Lorenzo*; prithee quickly,
Prepare a trusty Currier for *Rome*,
To the Cardinal *Patron*; let your Letters be
To this effect; That I've receiv'd his Bills,
And thank him for 'em; Tell him too
The Warrs decreed in Councel spite of *Thomazo*,
And a Defiance sent to Mahomet,
Who I believe's on's March: Next, that the Ayds
He or his Holiness intends to send,
Let 'em not come, till joyn'd with th'other Forces
The rest o'th'Christian Princes may prepare;
They may prove useless else. So far in yours——
And mine shall speak the rest. [*Exit* Lorenzo.
I know their minds——
The Turk must take this Town, and then the Pope
Will have no Rival Bishop in the World.
Let them have their design, so I can be
Grand Vizier to this growing Monarchy. [*Exit*, Chancel.

Enter

Enter Thomazo, Dorello, Irene, Udoxia, *attended by* Mutantrope.

Irene. Was my Ambition, but what's Natural,
To our half-witted Sex. your Highness would not
Be troubl'd to pursue, but to avoyd;
But I'le confess before *Udoxia* here,
And your *Dorello* too, the more you speak
Of Love to me —
The more I must deny; nay, I shall find
From every new obliging word you utter,
New Arguments to make me obstinate. (speak,

Thom. Ah *Irene*! Can harsh and cruel words like these you
Be prompted by your heart, and yet your brow
Calme and serene, take no Impressions from it.
You deal by me like wanton cruel Judges,
That change a Jest with the poor Criminal
Their next breath must condemne.

Iren. No Sir, rather
Like a just Favourite, who from his Prince
Refuses to accept some mighty Grace, (on;
'Cause it may bring his Masters prudence into questi-
I, through your proffer'd friendship Sir, can well
Discern the Crime of state I should commit
Both 'gainst your Person and this Empire too,
If I should suffer you to make me yours.

Thom. Wave these neglected things; Empire & State
They're scarce of Kin to me; but if they were,
Power was design'd to make its Owner happy;
Not to confine him Slave to Drudge for it.
A Prince, whose Title's good, ne're never doubt:
Let him studdy; but his Pow'r is so;
If, (as I ne're shall wish) a Diadem

Should once adorn this head. No act of mine.
Act said I! not the most minute Expression
Should flow from one restrain'd; No: all should know
What I said should be, surely should be so.
To one resolv'd to Reign on Terms like these,
The Empires safe, let him do what he please;
So Madam I desire you would not mix
Affairs of State with my free Love.

Irene. Sir, yo're so great and gen'rous, you teach me
To be so too; therefore I'le plainly tell you
I cannot Marry you, for I already am engag'd.

Thom. Ah Madam.

Dorel. *Udoxia*, Say no more, it must be so!
You hear her own it.

Udox. What is that to me?
Tho I confess I'm very much amaz'd
To hear her own Passion I ne're dream'd of.

Dor. Assoon I should believe *Thomazo* had
A secret, hee'd not let *Dorello* know
As that *Irene* has one you not partake.
But Madam; let me dye in your neglects,
Regarded less than your weak tatling Woman,
To whom I dare be sworn you've told all this.

Udox. Go false *Dorello*! go false wicked Lord;
I now perceive the end of all your Vows;
It was to mix your passion with the Princes,
Not in esteem of me, but to serve him;
But I'm glad this Secret was not Mine to tell you!

Dor. *Udoxia*! you do well.

Udox. No more my Lord,
This is an office for your Serving-man.

Iren. My Love, like *Mutantrapé*, your Highness Boy,
Does now and then make signs, but cannot speak;
This difference only is, my Love can hear,

Though

Though dumb, like him it must for ever be.

Thom. Let it make signs that are as plain as his:
'Tis all I'le ask; I would but know his Name,
Whose mighty merit has obtain'd your Love:
Come *Mutantrope*, teach a Dumb God thy Art—— { Thom. *Signes.*
Ah Boy that this was truth! { Mutan. *answers in signes, all list.*

Irene. What is't he says?

Thoma. I shall but mock my self in telling you:
But yet I will——He says that you Love me——

Iren. Fy Sir! you make me blush. I know he did not.

Dorell. He said it on my life, and swore it by signes.
I'le ask him, Madam, how he comes to know it!

Iren. Know it! good *Dorello*, say not so,
I know my Duty better——if you please
Ask him, why he thinks so—— { Dor. *makes signes;*
But pray my Lord, tell Truth; what were his { *he answers them.*
Signes? { Thom. *whispers* Iren.

Dorell. He says by This, he's sure you love his Master;
Then, when he brings you Letters, you first Kiss them,
Then thrust 'em in your Bosom; then reading them,
You Kiss at every word; besides, he says
You make so much of him when he brings Letters,
That he is well assur'd you Love the Sender.

Thom. Do I not tell you, Madam, just the same?

Iren. Come, he's a Wagg; send him no more to me,
He invents all this to please you!

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. The Emperor Sir, has Din'd!

Thom. What! will he not be at the Mask, my Lord?

Theo. I scarce believe he will; He & the General
Are gone to view theo Wrks—your Highness pardon!
Daughter, a word with you——

Thom. Ah *Udoxia*!
Is it not sad to be supplanted thus?—

There, where I thought I'd tane a little root,
Hope in my love, like early blossom'd fruit
By one late frost is nipt.——

Udox. Sir, I believe it is a blasting season
Of love and friendship; both this noise of war
Like bitter, black, and rugged North-East winds,
Drives back the merry Spring of all delights.

Dor. Sir, you may trust *Udoxia*, none knows better.

Udox. Yes, by Experience, you much more *Dorello*!---

Thom. Is my Friends Fate and mine so mixt together,
That I being wretched, he must needs be so:
I thought to sigh my griefs to happy Lovers,
That free from their own Cares, might pitty me!

Udox. I hope your Highness needs it not, since now
Dorello has left sifting me for Secrets
To quarrel with me.

Thom. I understand not this.

Udox. He will explain it when next he laughs at me.
Irene is going Sir; 'tis time to dress. [*Exit.* Iron. & Udox.

Theop. The Emperor has given his final Answer
To th'*Turkish Chiaws*——all Tribute is deny'd:
So I believe we must expect a War:
And that brought home to us; but 'tis no matter;
Our Walls are strong, our People numerous,
Rich too, beyond Saciety, so that Souldiers
Will find their Pay, and they still follow that:
Besides, our *Western* Aydes, the *Cardinal*
Does undertake shall speedily be here.

Thom. From whence? My Lord, the Pope, for all his Posts,
I'm sure does wish our Ruine! His help will come
When he has reconcil'd *England* and *France*,
So well to joyn their Armes to succour us.
That will be never; *Spain* is still strugling
Against the *Moores*; and *Germany*
Is busi'd with Religious Mutineers: (ven,
Whence must come Succour then, except from Hea-

And

And our own Courages; which could we joyn
Might do the work: but I do fear that too.
Theop. Firſt humbly craving of your Highneſs, pardon
For arguing 'gainſt your Sence; I will remember
The Sultan, as the *Chancellor* aſſures us,
For all his braggs cannot be here theſe five Moneths:
Then, the *Pope* has 30 Galleys ready
With 15000nd. men: Theſe Succours will
Within Six weeks be here; or there's no Faith
Left amongſt Chriſtians; for the Cardinal ſwears it.
Then Sir, the States of *Genoa* and *Venice*
Will ſend us 40. more; 'Tis their own buſineſs:
Theſe helps are certain Sir——
Thom. Ay; when they're here!——
Theo. Sir, you are all compos'd of Unbelief;
The Councel doubts, the Emperor fears it in you,
And I in humble Duty tell you this.
Thom. I know your hearty love does prompt theſe words;
And I am not angry at them; but my Lord,
The Court or Counſels doubts, nor Emperors fears,
Shant make me ſilent, when I ſee my Prince betray'd,
My Prince and Brother too; could I do that
With Juſtice, then they might ſay I was guilty
Of thoſe Ambitious projects that they dream of;
But the falſe *Chancellor* with all his tricks,
His little purblind tricks of cokeſing parties,
Shall ne're gain me to be a property
For him to ſtalk withal——
Theo. I hope your Holineſs
Will eaſily believe I had no deſign
To put you into paſſion; but my Lord,
'Tis time to change the ſubject——Sir, the Court
Does come in Maſquerade tho'tis by day-light,
To avoyd the Danger that ſome fewds may bring.
Thom. Then 'tis not a ſet Maſque.
Theop. No, nothing but a Dance, or ſo

Mixt with all freedom, for the Court Spectators
To mend the Sports themselves by their own Dancing.
Thom. *Dorello* come! Let you and I go dress—
Theop. Your Highness humble Creature. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant, Andrea *and* Lionello.

Andr. Surely the General will come see these Sports.
Lionel. No doubt on't, let's stay for him.
Serv. Noble Captains!
All persons will be here *incognito*,
It is the orders of the Entertainment,
And you must needs comply, or go away.
Andr. Must! to a Souldier; Sawsy Groom, we won't;
Let the Court-Butter-flies come how they will,
We are resolv'd to shew our faces here.
Serv. My *Lord Chamberlain* will be angry Sir: These
Are his Lodgings.
Lion. We care not whose they be, nor for his anger;
Our Swords will find an universal freedom
In spight of your Court-tricks—then hold your prating——
Serv. Well Gallants, mark the end on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Irene *and* Eudoxia *Masqu'd.*

Andr. These are Women *Lionello* sure—
Lionel. Ladys, The number's equal, and the field cleer,
Why should we not engage?
Andr. Ha! Dumb! these sure are moving Statues.
Lion. But of *Pigmalion*'s making, fit for Man.
I'le feel if this be warm; how! Coy, Lady!
Not a soft touch go down; 'tis pitty Faith
I han't you singly here; wee'd sure feel out
A better understanding e're we parted.
Udox. How got these rude men in I wonder Cozen?
Iren. Ne'r mind them Madam, the Officers will come
And send 'em hence anon.

Andr

Andr. No Demi-treble, there's none ſo bold that dares it:
Therefore good Queen o'th'Diamonds, let me try
How the Cherries of your lips taſt.
Iren. Inſolent Baffoon! ſtand off. [*Strikes him.*
Andr. How's this? So nimble with your upper tire,
I'le try what bore your neather Quarters carry.
Come, at 'em *Lionella.* [*They ruffle them.*

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. Ruffians! what rudeneſs is this? Know you this place?
Andr. What an old Fool it is to ask that queſtion.
Old men are ſilly things: but *Lionello*,
That ſhall not ſpoile our ſport.
Theop. Sure Gallants, theſe
Are no becoming actions in a Court——
Such places ſhould be Sacred.
Andr. Ay ſo are Churches, yet ſome are ſo wicked as to appoint
Bawdy Meetings there——
Sacred——a pretty word! Alas, my Lord,
Your Dancing-days are done; all places now
Are Sacred where you come, except for ſpitting.
Lionel. Sure this old Lord *Andrea* has been right
When he was young; he now does ſo contrive
To bring young things a clicketting together.
Theop. Since you are Strangers, I forgive your rudeneſs;
But pray be gone and learn ſome better manners
Againſt next time you come; or you will find
This place no Court of Guard——
Lionel. Oh Heaven's *Andrea!*
How the old Creature raves: Prithee Good-man,
Conſider *Turks* are coming. *Turks* d'you hear!——
What place will then be Sacred, if we don't
By our undaunted Courage keep them ſo!
In fine, do you ſee my Lord, we know this place
To be our Garriſon, where wee'l be free,
Nay too, without the Laws of Maſquerade——

Andr.

Andr. Ay Maſquerade is Sacred too; I'le warrant you
Though t' be intended to help folks to do——
Theo. What?——
Andr. It has but an odd name, and fitter 'tis
To practice, than to ſpeak it. Stand but ſtill
Wee'l make your old Chops water preſently.
Theo. Villains forbear! Ho *Azo*! Ho *Aroſto*! } *Draws; they*
Lion. Keep your old Chops together, I'le } *diſarm him.*
Cut your Throat elſe.

Enter Thomazo *in Diſguiſe.*

Thom. What Inſolence is this? Villains, Slaves!
Andr. This is ſome real Devil ſure, he fights ſo. [*Fights:*
[*He throws down one, and diſarms the other.*
Thom. That needs not be; for you Ladies, you are ſafe.
What are you, dare do this? [*Unmasques.*
Andr. We are Souldiers, like your Highneſs: *Italian* Officers:
We were on ſlight diſcoveries pickeering a little.

Enter Servants.

Thom. Your General ſhall know this; There, ſecure them.
Theo. To th'Porters Lodge with them——ha! Is't you.
[*The Ladies Unmaske.*
What made you out ſo ſoon?
Iren. T'avoid being known! for who could think ſuch Ruffians
Could have got in! I hope your Highneſs has not receiv'd a hurt.
Thom. No new one: But I'le go
Out for a little time, and ſhift my ſhape, and then return;
Elſe may ſpoile the Mirth, by being known.
[*Exit* Thoma. *and* Theoph.

Enter Caliſta; *they go to Mask: She unmasks.*

Irene. 'Tis our beſt way to do ſo too *Udoxia.*
Caliſt. Nay, 'tis too late Ladies, I know you both;
But I will be ſo juſt, you ſhall know me.
Irene. Caliſta! 'Tis a pretty Veſt that you have on.
Caliſt. But I do like your dreſs much better Madam —

Udox.

Udox. 'Tis not the Cloaths, but Friendship prompts this liking;
As change, and you will see.
Calist. Withal my heart. ——
Irene. I readily consent.
Udox. Come then retire,
You'l see 'tis not the Cloaths you both admire.
[*Musick plays; Enter several persons as to* Masquerade, *amongst them* Thomazo, Dorello, Irene, Udoxia, *and* Calista.

A Song.

After the Song, a Dance led by Ambition, Represented by a Monster with many Bodies, and but one Head, with a Crown upon it, follow'd by War, Famine, Murder, *and* Death: *The Dance brought up by* Fame, *represented by one Body, and several Heads and Hands, each having a Trumpet in it. Towards the end of the Dance* Thomazo *removes towards* Calista, *supposing her to be* Irene *by her Habit.*

Thom. This is *Irene*; I know her by her Dress:
Love, Madam, like to yours, is a worse Monster
Than black *Ambition* is describ'd to be;
For Fame attending him does always sound
Such loud Alarmes to the drowzy World,
That men to Armes can fly for their defence;
But against silent Love there is no guard.
Calist. Love tells me 'tis the Prince *Thomazo*'s voyce!
But why all this to me? I cannot tell,
Except my heart has taught my eyes to speak
And say that bleeds for him.
Thom. My *Mutantrope*
Has by his signes, I fear, done me some hurt:
But Madam, be not too severely angry;
He ne're shall take that liberty again. ——
Calist. 'Tis he, the naming of his *Mutantrope* confirms it. [*aside.*
Now mighty Love assist me, and I'le be
Thy Votaresse for ever.

Noble Prince!
Your Highneſs Love has choſen too low an object,
If I be it, as I ſhall ever doubt.

Thom. Ah Madam, ſay not ſo!—— [*They Whiſper.*

Iren. Why ſhould *Thomazo* ſingle thus *Caliſta*.

[*A Figg here.*

Thom. You made me Madam, more than happy now.

Irene. What's this? Curſt be my Ears for hearing it,
And Curſt be all men for *Thomazo*'s ſake!
Is he ſo amorous that *Caliſta* can
Poſſeſs a place in that falſe heart of his;
Caliſta, whom he always ſeem'd to loath
For being Daughter to the Chancellor.

Thom. Madam! I'le keep my word; no trick of State
Shall bar my happineſs: At break of Day,
In St. *Sophia*'s Church I'le meet you, Madam,
Juſt by our Ladies Altar: Bring *Udoxia*,
I'le bring *Dorello*, they will be enow
To witneſs we are Marry'd.

Irene. But falſe man!
You ſhall have more, for I'le be there my ſelf
To throw thy broken Vows 'mongſt thoſe you make:
Thoſe ſhall give Plagues to all your Nuptial hours,
And change the Bleſſings of the Prieſts to Curſes.

Thom. Let not your Father know the leaſt of this,
That Notice may not be taken of our Whiſpers.
I'le lead you out to Dance.

Udox. Be not too raſh, conſider 'tis your ſelf
Did give him cauſe for this; you own'd you Lov'd,
And ſaid with all, you ne're could Marry him.

Iren. In ſuch an Aire, and ſuch a Tone I ſpoke it,
It could not mean him ill. [*Dance of Eight.*
But ſee my Father.——

Enter

Enter Theophilus, Emperor, Justiniano, Andrea, Lionello, Mutantrope, *Guards.*

Theop. The Emperor is present, and commands
That all avoyd the Room, who're in Disguise,
Except the Prince *Thomazo.* —— Pray withdraw.
[Ex. *All the Masquers.*

Emper. Brother, 'tis strange you bear no more respect
To our Commands, nor to the General,
But have Imprison'd these two Officers
Without his Privity.

Thom. I know your Majesty did ne're intend
To exempt them from common Justice,
And make them Lawless. Their Insolence——

Justian. Insolence! How mean you by that word?
I'd have your Highness eat it up again,
And call't neglect.——

Thom. How! eat my words my Lord?
The Sacred presence of this dread Majesty
Restraines me, or by Heav'n——

Justin. What would you else?
Nay, what durst you do my Lord? my Honour
Full fledg'd can mount above your weak observance,
Though you're oth'Eagles Brood.——

Emp. How's this? My Lord, do you our Brother know?
And where you speak this to him?

Just. Yes Sir! or——

Thom. Or what? Let not your Pride profane this——

Justin. Profane a——

Empr. Out of our presence.

Justin. Ay, and your Empire to.
I'le beat my Drums but for an exercise,
And sport my men out of your large Dominions——

Empr. Seize on the Traytor!——So, convey him hence
To the Castle, Prisoner. I'le ne're indure this.

Justin. Send all my men to Prison too, else in vain

You hope to keep me here.— [*Ex.* Juſtin. Guards.

Thom. Your Majeſty
May now perceive the Inſolence of Strangers,
When once they know you need them: But I am
Too blame to urge this now.—

Emp. No, not at all;
By this one hours diſcourſe I have had with him,
I find his Pride to be beyond enduring;
He boaſts our Safety muſt proceed from him,
And quotes the Chancellor for ſaying this;
I do begin to doubt the Arts of him too.

Thom. Sir, he's a Traytor, or I'm not a man.

Enter Chancellor.

Chanc. Your Majeſty muſt pardon this Intruſion,
Your Highneſs too; my haſty Zeal requires it;
Letters juſt now arriv'd bring certain word
The Sultan's on his March, and will this Night
Be lodg'd before our Walls.

Thom. How's this my Lord?

Emp. By this Surprizal we are loſt for ever.
Ah gracious Heav'n, take back this burden, life,
Before I ſee the Miſeries are coming.

Thom. This ill agrees my Lord with your laſt news
Of five moneths hence, they cou'd not come before;
But 'tis what I expected---This ſuddain danger
Muſt prompt your Majeſty with double Vigour
To make ſharp oppoſition——Sir, arreſt
All Ships are in the Harbour, ſieze their ſtores
Of Guns and Ammunition—with the Guards,
And ſome oth' *Genoway* Foot: I'le out and meet 'em.—

Emp. No! I am reſolv'd
To Head our firſt attempt with my own perſon.
The *Turks* ſhall find 'tis not our want of Courage,
But factions in our State that makes them be
Succeſsful ſtill in all their Wars againſt us.

Thom.

Tho. Good Sir be pleas'd to trust me with this Sally:
Your presence is most needful in the Town;
At such a time as this you'l find the people
Prompted by fear too apt for all sedition;
May be the Souldiers too may take advantage
Of the first uprore which this news will bring,
And fall to doing mischief; besides great Sir,
You'l find new Orders every minute needful,
Which none but your Authority can give.

Emp. Your reasons shall perswade me, go *Thomazo*,
And may Heav'n Crown thy Sword with Victory.

Thom. Good Sir be strong
To your Imperial self, that's all I'le say;
If so, I make no doubt by th'help of Heav'n
To drive this *Sultan* back with as much shame
As once his Father found when he besieg'd us.

[*Ex.* Thomazo.

Chanc. The Prince does shew a great and generous Soul,
And will no doubt perform all that he speaks;
But give me leave to think he has his ends
In all he does or says——Sir, this advice
Of seizing all the Ships, the Senate sitting
With wonted freedom, I must boldly say
Shews he would put you on ungrateful things,
Whilst he pursues the popular himself.

Empr. My Lord, your Circumspection wears a Cloud
I cannot well see through; and I must tell you
Your false Intelligence and close intriguing
Give me some hints for doubts; but let your actions
Wear a more candid out-side, 'tis not else
Your Interest in the Senate shall protect you.
No Sir! it shall not! but no reply my Lord:
As for my Brother, I am sure he loves me;
I've found he has, and cannot now suspect him.

Chanc.

Chanc. Do not Sir; but yet I muſt attempt
T'unlooſe one charme h'has plac'd upon your Soul.
That's Sir, about the General—— 'Tis not a time
To ſtand on ſlight *punctilio's* with ſuch men
As underſtand them not: This his reſtraint
May chance endanger all; grant Sir, his freedom.

Empr. I cannot do't, and Majeſty be ſafe:
His Inſolence both to the Prince and me
Was more then Brutal---

Chanc. But your Majeſty
Should well conſider leading Circumſtances
That did provoke him to't: The Prince you know
Had 'gainſt conditions of his Entertainment
Impriſon'd two of's Captains——

Empr. Speak no more on't;
"I'le not releaſe him till my Brother pleaſe;
"Contempt of Pow'r is a State's worſt Diſeaſe. [*Exeunt.*

End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

ACT. II.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Enter Emperour *and* Chancellour *discoursing.*

Emp. THese doubts of theirs concerning such wild things,
That Soveraign Pow'r may do, amaze me;
Because 'tis possible we may do harm,
Will they conclude we certainly do it?
Chanc. Your Majesty
Has had no cause to doubt their steddy Loves
To your Imperial Interest and Person.
Emp. 'Tis true, my Lord, nor can my memory
Prompt me with want of care of them or theirs:
None of my Predecessors ever were
More careful of Propriety than I;
Therefore I cannot chuse but take unkindly
Motions, like these, just on the Neck of War.

Enter Theophilus.

Theop. Our Scouts are beaten in; the *Turks* Van-guard
Are easily discern'd from off the Steeples,
Which does all the Streets produce the Crys
Of Women, Children, and the heartless Crowd
That nothing but Confusion fills the Town.
Emp. It can't be help't; my Lord, we must endure it.
These Noises fill the Streets of every place,
When they are first besieg'd; a day or two
Will quiet all their minds.
Theop. I hope it will; but, my Lord Chancellour,
The short five moneths, since morning, makes me doubt
I have unknown unto my self been sleeping;
Or else that your Intelligence deceives you:
Or if not that, then you deceive us all.
Chanc. Methinks, my Lord, the liberty you take,
Doth scarce become this Presence.
Theop. Why, my Lord,

I'm ſure his Majeſty will pardon me,
Since 'tis my plain and honeſt heart that ſpeaks;
And I muſt own, it was your bold affirming,
That we had full five moneths for preparation,
Which got my Vote for War. But now I fear
The Rumour's true, that you have got a *Turk*
To manage your Intelligence.

Chanc. How's this?
Your Majeſty, I hope, will do me Juſtice
Againſt this Calumny?

Emp. Lord Chamberlain,
What grounds have you for this?

Theop. Truly no more
Than half the Lords o'th' Councels juſt ſuſpition;
Nay, the better half; but they perchance may err,
It is not the firſt time, witneſs the approaching Siege.

Chanc. My Lord, you would have done more like a Friend
T'have told me of ſuch Rumours privately.

Theop. Good my Lord, is not this Preſence private?
Who's here but's Majeſty, and you, and I;
As I am a Privy Councellour I ſpeak it.

Chanc. Explain your ſelf; who, and what is't you mean?

Theop. I mean you have a Secretary call'd *Michael*.---
Some ſay he's a *Turk*; *Enter* Michael.
And this Sir is the Man.

Chanc. What cauſes this Intruſion?

Micha. I come in haſte
To give you notice all the *Engliſh* Ships,
And the *Venetian* too, are under Sail;
Except they be arreſted preſently,
They will get paſt the Forts.

Emp. Is not the Warrant iſſu'd for their ſtay?

Chanc. A Broad-Seal-Warrant too.

Mich. That Sir they ſlight.

Emp. They might ſlight Death as well.

Mich. Sir, they pretend
The Senate ſays it is againſt the Law,
That they ſhould be Arreſted.

Chanc.

Chanc. Think of that Sir;
If they resent the deed, 'tis not the stores
Of those few Ships can recompence the loss
Of their affections.
Emp. Nor can their best Zeal
Find such another timely succour near
To draw to our supply.
Chanc. Do as you please,
But I dare pawn my life that they'l be troubl'd?
Theop. At their departure most, I'le warrant you;
At nothing else, my Head on't.
Emp. But what then?
Shall I neglect my duty to the whole
For private mens resentments? Come, my Lord,
I'le see it done my self. *Ex.* Emp. *and* Theop.
Chanc. Michael! how is't?
Mich. Gone Sir; beyond Redemption; both the Consuls
Were at your House but now: There I advis'd them,
With all the haste that might be, to set Sail,
Whatever Orders they shou'd see to stop them.
Chanc. 'Tis very well; then you are sure they're gone?
Mich. My Zeal had never seem'd so earnest else.
Chanc. That happen'd well though: 'twill clear a late suspition
That you're a *Turk*.----
But more of that anon---You sent the Warrant.
Mich. Aye Sir; but gave command to him that went
To say you seal'd it much against your will:
Besides, I spread it every where abroad,
That 'twas against the Law; so none would act by't.
Chanc. That is a certain Method to confound things;
And 'tis the way I'le take; for I perceive
I've lost some ground i'th' Emperours affections,
And now must keep my Power more by the Vogue
O'th' Senate, than his love; but let's go out,
And view *Thomazo*'s Actions in the Field;
'Tis to his Genius only mine does yield. *Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A Field.*

Great Shouts and Noise of Fighting: Enter Thomazo, Dorello, *Officers with Swords drawn.*

Thom. These *Turks* are less than Women in our hands;
Where e're we shew our Faces, still they fly;
If but the rest o'th' Forces sally'd out,
This Night would make a perfect end o'th' Siege.
Dor. Their great Forlorn is routed totally,
And their Main Body staggar'd, five thousand more
Would have perform'd the work.--- In all the Fight
I met but one brave Foe that durst make Head;
And when my Sword had made him Prisoner,
He prov'd a *Genowees.*
Thom. What did you with him?
Dor. Clapt my Sword through him Sir.
Thom. You did do well;
A Renogado Dog is ripe for Hell. *A Shout.*
Dor. See my Lord, they'r marching on agen--
Will you to Horse?
Thom. The Hedges make them useless;
I'le Charge i'th' Head of yonder Stand of Pikes. *Exeunt.*

Shouts.--- Enter Turks *drove in by* Synan, Mustapha, *and other* Bassa's.

Synan. What wretched fearful Slaves! dare you not die?
Can you forget the Laws of Destiny?
Musta. Fight; or the Death you'd shun, you'l sooner find;
Our Swords give Death to all who seek to fly.
Shouts.--- Enter Thomazo, Dorello, *and Christians: They fight a while, the* Turks *retire fighting.* Thomazo, Dorello, *re-enter in haste.*
Thom. To Horse, to Horse, the *Genoway* Body shrinks. Let's
Presently relieve them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Synan.

Synan. These Christians fight, as if the General Cause
Did wield each Sword.--- Curse on our wretched Slaves,--
How fast they Rout!--- Lead on the Grand Reserve

To

To ſuccour the Main Body.--- Now by my Fathers Soul,
Morat's ſtrong Troop of our beſt *Spahi* Horſe,
Fly like looſe leafs before the *Autumn* wind:
We 're betray'd by that Damn'd Chancellour:
Their ſtrength's the Flower of all the Chriſtian World,
They could not fight thus elſe.--- Oh mighty Prophet!
Protect our *Sultan*'s Glory.---
Let not a Cheating Gown-man boaſt he had
Great ſums from us for nothing elſe but ſhame.
But yet it will be ſo; our great Reſerve
Under the Grand *Vizier* does ſtagger too: ---
Draw up our Guards, let's ſave or ruine all;
'Tis better much to die than wear the ſhame
Of being thus defeated by a handful. *Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The Town.*

Enter Emperour, Cardinal, Chancellour, Theo. *Attendants.*

Cardin. The Prince I ſwear perform'd prodigious things!
They'd be incredible but that we ſaw them.
Chanc. Accurſed fight!
The *Turkiſh* Army 's ſure compos'd of Women.
Emp. Theophilus, Command that all the Forces
Do preſently draw out; I will my ſelf
Share part o'th' Glory in the *Turks* Defeat.
Chanc. Good Sir, conſider
What 'tis you mean to do? Will you expoſe
Your Sacred Perſon 'mongſt the *Genoweeſe*,
That openly avow their diſcontents?
Emp. No, let them ſtay behind; I am ſatisfi'd
That our own Forces are enough without them,
To ſecond this Succeſs, and Rout the *Turks*.
Chanc. But ſay Sir, when you're out with all your ſtrength,
That they ſhould ſeize the Town.
Emp. They dare not ſure.---
Chanc. It is but ill to try inraged Strangers:
Beſides the Night comes on.

Theo.

Theo. Good Sir, ſend out, and do not go your ſelf.
Chanc. The Prince I'm confident will take that ill.
'Twill ſeem to doubt his Courage, or his Conduct.
Emp. His Soul's above all Envy I am ſure:
But I'le go try the temper of the Souldiers,
Then either back the Sally, or go meet him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Irene, Udoxia, Caliſta, *meeting the Emperour; they Salute, and part.*

Iren. She triumphs in his Love, and makes me Mad.
Udox. Conceal your anger Madam, 'tis too clear.
Iren. By Nature I am temperate as Day;
When gentle *Weſtern* Gales blow in the Spring;
But now I could grow rugged like the *North*,
And in a Tempeſt of my Fury tear
Thoſe Eyes out that have thus bewitch'd my Prince.
Udox. Bear up; my mind perſwades me he is not falſe,
Though ſhe invites me for her Bed-fellow.
Iren. But will you go?
Udox. Aye, with deſign to ſerve you,
By putting him in mind of's Vows to you.
Iren. Do not do that; no, let her take his heart;
But yet I know not why: I'le meet you there.
Caliſt. Oh that the Prince would come, I long to ſee him---
I hope he is not hurt.
Iren. What if he be?
Caliſt. I would not for the world he ſhou'd methinks.
Iren. Nay, ſure i'th' world there's many better Princes.
Caliſt. No, I believe not one, if we conſider
His moſt Heroick Courage, and wiſe Conduct.
Iren. Beſides his Faith in Love; pray name that too.
Udox. *Irene*--- *[Whiſper.*
Caliſt. Sure ſhe does gueſs at ſomething that has paſt
Between the Prince and me, which ſtirs her Envy.

Enter Emperour, Thom. Cardin, Theop. Dorell. Mutantrope, *Attendants.*

Thom. This is the Cauſe of our too quick return;
The *Genoway* Body did betray the Field;
And now do ſeem to threaten Mutiny:

They

They bring indeed the War within our Walls:
Had I been seconded with the like number
Of our own Nation, we had done the work.
Emp. To th' specious reasons of the Chancellour
I must impute the loss of this Days Triumph;
I did my self intend to second you.
Chanc. Great Sir, blame not that Counsel did proceed
From Zeal to th' Princes Glory, and your safety.
Thom. I beg, my Lord, you'd spare your daily pains
In serving me in these unthankful ways.
Chanc. 'Tis my misfortune Sir, they always prove so.
Emp. Brother, you had these Ladies hearty wishes
For good success and safety, I am sure.
Thom. 'Twas those, next to your Fortune, did preserve me:
But Lady, may I think I was so happy
To have my share in the last Pray'rs you made?
Iren. I should have lost my Sense of Duty else;
You are a Mighty Prop o'th' Empire Sir,
And so, and no ways else I pray'd for you.
Thom. How's this? -- She does dissemble to extremity.
Calist. He casts not the least glance on me! -- 'tis well,
He strives to keep things secret.
Noise without. One and all, one and all, *&c.* *Enter* Michael.
Mich. The *Genowees* are in Mutiny,
And swear they'l have their General set free,
Or else they'l fire the Town.
Emp. What's to be done?
Thom. Sir, I advise to hang their General,
That will soon quiet them; but if it don't,
Then let the other Souldiers fall upon 'em,
And knock 'em all o'th' heads; --- if they hold on
As they've begun, they'l do but little service:
Those Thousand I had with me first did rout
With all the men I had. --- Sir, there's no way
But sudden Execution, or good words;
Hanging or granting still, quells Mutinies.
Emp. Well, draw up the Court-guards about the Palace,
Then act as you see cause. *Ex. all but* Thom. Dor. *and* Mutantrope.

Thom.

Thom. I find the Chancellour by little Arts
Prevented our Relief with greater Succours:
But I perceive my Brother ſo ſuſpects him,
He'l ſcarce prevail again.
Dor. I wiſh he don't;
But you have heard the Shipping all are ſail'd?
Thom. Aye, there's another Trick of his contriving;
I'd almoſt pawn my life.--- But we muſt play
The Cards we ſtill have left, or loſe the Game.
But all diſcourſe of State and War apart,
Let's talk of Love a little now *Dorello*;
In what condition's yours and fair *Vdoxia*'s?
Dor. Juſt as your Highneſs left it, full as bad
As yours with fair *Irene*.
Thom. If it be no worſe,
'Tis as you'd wiſh't I'm ſure; for to be ſhort,
To morrow Morn before the Sun doth riſe,
I meet *Irene* in S. *Sophia*'s Church,
Where you are to be witneſs of our Marriage.
Dor. Can this be ſo?
Thom. *Vdoxia* will confirm it,--- for ſhe is to be there.
Come let's away, *A Noiſe agen, One and All.*
And quell theſe Mutiniers. They fright the Town. *Exeunt.*
Enter Juſtiniano, Andrea Lionella, *and Souldiers.---Shouting.*
Juſt. I thank you Fellow-Souldiers for your love,
I'd rather have my Liberty by you,
Than by their ſlighted favour.
Andr. See the Prince! *Enter* Thomazo, Dorello, *and Guards.*
Thom. What means this Tumult? Ha! *Juſtiniano* Head it!
What are your Demands?
Sould. Our Pay we'd have.--- [Thomaz. *runs the*
Thom. There's thine.--- Now, what the reſt? *Sould. through, they*
Then worthy General yours. *all hang their heads.*
Juſtin. Revenge for late affronts given me by thee.
Thom. *Dorello*-- I Command-- that word's not uſual;
But I Command not a man ſtir to help me,
Except oppreſt by Numbers. *They fight*, Thomazo *diſarms him.*
Juſtin. I the ſame.

Then

Then take my Life, for I despise to beg it.
Thom. Or I to take it; no, the Law shall do it.
All to your Quarters; I'le procure your Pardons:
If not, fall on, and kill 'em every man.
Convey him back to'th' Castle where he was. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chancellour *and* Mutantrope.

Chanc. To morrow, fair *Irene*, to morrow morn!
Mut. Aye Sir, I heard him tell *Dorello* so.
Chanc. In *S. Sophia*'s Church by break of day,
Near to our Ladies Altar; is't not so?
Mutan. Aye, my Lord, so the appointment's made.
Chanc. Well, my good Boy, watch close upon his actions,
And bring me word of every thing thou gain'st.
Mutan. I shall my Lord. *Ex.* Mutan.
Chanc. Marry *Irene*! -- no, it must not be,-- it sha'nt:
But how shall I prevent it? there's it! -- To tell
The Emperour, would but betray my self!
For I've no proof to vouch, but this same Boy,
Which I pretented him as a choice Mute,
To be a Spy for me on all his actions---
But yet I must prevent it, that's decreed---
His two last Actions shew he is a Prince,
Not of a common Fortune,
To shake the *Turks* whole Army with a handful,
And quell that Mutiny in half a Minute,
In which I plac'd my hopes; were things prodigious,
His Mighty Genius has a strong Attendant
O're all my Fortune.-- I must remove him--
'Tis no matter how, so I can do't.--

Enter Michael *with Letters.*

Mich. Amongst *Thomazo*'s Souldiers, there got in
Two Spies from *Osman Bessa*, both with Letters,
I have decipher'd them.--The first, it seems,
Were writ before the Fight, and only speak
The Numbers that besiege us, and require
An hourly intercourse during the Siege:
The second are pursuant to the Sally writ in hear,
And there, my Lord, they are.-- Chancellour *reads them.*

Chanc. O *Michael*! I am loſt to all my hopes;
The *Sultan* frowns, it ſeems, and doubts my Faith.
He ſays the Sally had lik'd to have prov'd the loſs
Of their whole Army.---- What ſhall I do?
This Prince *Thomazo* does,
Like ſome tall Cedar, blaſt my Underwood.
I muſt deſtroy him. Find me out ſome *Jew*
That ſtudies Phyſick-- No, I've another way---
Write Letters to the *Baſſa* that may ſpeak
What I've done this day towards the Service.
The Chriſtian Ships are ſail'd, and I prevented
More Forces that were going to the Sally,
Beſides the Mutiny *Lorenzo* ſtir'd
Amongſt his Countrymen--- and all things elſe--
O'th' doubts I raiſe i'th' Senate---remember all---
But here's a Sacrifice of Peace I'le make, *Pulls out* Irene's *Picture.*
This is the Picture of the fair *Irene*;
I got it from my Daughter; ſend it him,
And tell him, that the Original ſhall be
Lodg'd in his Maſters Arms to morrow night.
Prepare a ſcore of *Ruffians* with a Barge
To carry off the Prize; it ſhall go hard,
But I'le ſend off the Prince *Thomazo* too:
You know the way of holding Correſpondence;
I'le ſay no more of that-- go, haſte your Letters,
And ſend *Lorenzo* hither. *Ex.* Michael.
I'le go meet
In ſome diſguize the diſcontented Captains.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo! I am reſolv'd to laugh to night,
And ſpend ſome hours with frolick Woman-kind.
Loren. My Lord, you know your old houſe, Mother *Semelies*,
You know ſhe always fits you with freſh Girls.
Chanc. Aye, there we'll be; but then for Company,
Get your two Friends, the Captains, if you can,
I mean thoſe two that were made Priſoners.
Loren. I'm confident with joy they'l meet my Lord.
Chanc. I would be thought ſome wild looſe Friend of yours

That

That mean to treat.

Loren. I understand your Lordship.

Chanc. Some two hours hence. Till then I will to Court. *Exeunt.*

Enter Emperour, Thomazo, *Cardinal*, Dorel. Theophilus, Mutant. Irene, Udoxia, Calista, *Attendants, as at Court.*

Thom. Pray Madam, how seems Time to move to you,
To me it does appear extreamly slow.

Iren. It may be so, my Lord, but unto me
He keeps his usual pace.

Thom. Madam,
Your coldness now surprizes me as much
As did the Larum of your Love to day.

Iren. Good, my Lord, you'l make *Calista* jealous.

Thom. You are too cautious, Madam.

Iren. She's not so.

Thom. I understand you not.

Iren. My Lord, Good-night,
I am a bad Dissembler of Passion,
I find it will break out; therefore I'le go
And waste this Night in Tears.

Thom. Why so *Irene?*

Iren. My Lord, no more, I still must wish you well.

Thom. Remember six a Clock.

Iren. I shall have cause. *Ex.* Irene.

Enter Chancellour.

Chanc. I shall bring Company will spoil the Sport;---
Your Highnesses Boy I see waits very close:
I never see him from you.

Thom. No, 'tis a pretty Spaniel,
He's always diligent to Fetch and Carry.

Chanc. I'm glad I did present him to your Highness,
Since he's so acceptable.

Thom. All Favours
That I receive from you must needs be so.

Chanc. My Lord, I am sorry my Duty to my Master,
Should make me doubt my Service unto you,
As your words hint.

Thom. No Argument i'th' Presence;

I thank you for my Boy, that's all my Lord. [*Whisper the* Emp.

Vdox. It cannot be, my Lord, the Prince and You
Are both (I'le say no more) but you're both men;
And what h' has promis'd is not to *Irene*,
But to *Calista* there.

Dor. You do amaze me:
This wild discourse has no Connexion in it.

Vdox. A great deal more than has your wilder Action.

Dorell. I'le call the Prince to hear you.

Calist. *Vdoxia*---

Vdox. *Calista* calls, I cannot stay my Lord,-- *Ex. Ladies.*

Chanc. Sallies will spend our men to little purpose.

Thom. 'Twill rather make us Souldiers; every Sally
Made with fresh men will soon experience.
Had all men Courages but like your Highness,
Experience then, 'tis true, was only needful;
But most by Nature are unfit for War.

Thom. My Lord, you are mistaken; I affirm,
There's not a man of able Bulk and Strength,
But may be brought to fight proportionably,
At least in Crowds they may.

Chanc. Admit it so:
But will the Emperour, or Senates Prudence,
Suffer your Highness still t'expose your Person
To hourly danger; when the Empires Hopes,
Is next his Majest', all plac'd in you.

Emp. Aye, now you've touch't the String that hits my Fancy;
Your Personal safety Brother; Surely that
Ought to be all our care, and shall be mine:
I am confident no Sally can be safe
Without you Head it, nor you in any one;
Therefore we will relye on future Succours.

Card. Those from his Holiness will soon be here,
Besides the *Rhodian* and *Venetian* Forces,
I'm confident will not be long behind.

Thom. These are meer Dreams of Safety.

Emp. Wait a little;
We have an open Port to *Asia*-ward,

 And

And cannot want Proviſions. Good-night Brother.

Ex. all but Thom. Dor. Mut.

Thom. You ſee *Dorello*, this cunning Gown-man
Is grown ſo tender of my Perſons ſafety,
That to keep me well, the *Turk* muſt not be Beat.

Dor. I blame him not, now you're to Marry his Daughter.

Thom. I Marry her! ---

Dor. So *Vdoxia* tells me,
And that to morrow morning.

Thom. 'Tis ſhort warning;
But who has made the Match?

Dor. I know not that;
But ſhe ſays this you promis'd at the Mask.

Thom. Piſh! ſhe miſtakes, it was the Fair *Irene*
I only ſpoke to there.

Dor. How's this? there's ſome miſtake: Was it the Lady
That you Danc'd with you made the Promiſe to?

Thom. Aye, what of that!

Dor. Then Sir it was *Caliſta*.

Thom. It is impoſſible, her Dreſs was that
Irene had on, when the Souldiers ruffl'd her.

Dor. Sir, that may be, but yet it was *Caliſta*,
I ſaw her after when her Mask was off,
And had a Complement from her.

Thom. But why ſhould ſhe accept my firſt Addreſs?

Dor. That her Ambition taught: But will you meet?

Thom. I wou'd meet Death much ſooner.--- You ſhall go
And undeceive her, if it is She that comes;
But I'le be near, in hopes 'twill prove *Irene*.

Dor. Thoſe hopes will quickly vaniſh in your Highneſs.

Thom. This Chancellour, like ſome unlucky Star,
Does interpoſe his Direful Influence
Through all my Happineſs in Love or Honour.
How ſtrangely
Wiſe Heav'n with unſeen Links makes Chains of Fate,
This Hawks good Fortune that's unfortunate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chanc. Loren. Andr. Lion. *with* 4 *Wenches, and Fiddles.*

1 *Wench.* You are the Maddeſt Man I ever met with

SONG.

SONG.

Now Fruition has empti'd our Bottles of Love,
Let the Bottles of Wine fly about;
The heat of that Fire,
Shall in flame our deſire,
And Phlegmatick Dulneſs remove.
A Health to the beſt,
A Pox o'th' reſt,
And hey for the t'ther brisk Bout.

Chanc. Come, Faith Madam, once again.
1 *Wench.* Pray Sir ſtay, I am not i'th' humour.
Chanc. See, ſee, here's Gold; will this exalt thy humour?
Lion. See there! You Scurvy Queans, did you fear Sconces?
1 *Wench.* I hope, my Dear, you'l give me ſome Silk Stockins.
Chanc. Aye, and rich Garters too; there's twenty Pieces,
Rig thy whole Veſſel! what, haſt found thy humour?
1 *Wench.* Aye, my Dear, you are ſuch another man.
Ex. Chancellour and Wench.
Andr. Signior *Lorenzo*! your Friend's a Man of Mettle.
What does he give all that?
Loren. Alas, that's nothing.
2 *Wench.* My Dear, will you give me ſome?
Loren. Aye, there---there's 20 Pieces for thee.
Lion But you Inhance the Price moſt damnably,
I've had a better Whore for half a Crown.
2 *Wench.* Whore! you foul-mouth'd Fellow.
Lion. Aye Whore, what came we for but Whore?
3 *Wench.* But, my Dear. *Then her two Wenches Dun the Captains round the Stage.*
2 *Wench.* My Dear, why wou'd you bring ſuch Shabby Fellows
With you?
Loren. They're honeſt Gentlemen, tho' they want Money.
2 *Wench.* Honeſt, faugh! A poor Rogue can't be honeſt;
But you are the Goodeſt Man. Prithee, my Dear,
Lend me but 20 *l.* more, and you will make me.---

Loren.

Loren. Ten pound, what's that! here 'tis for one bare Kiss.
Andr. Hold Signior, for half that I've compounded;
I want it but to pay, pray lend it me.
Lion. And me the rest; I shan't have time to drink else.
Loren. I beg your Pardon, I must not starve my Love.
3 *Wench.* Your Love, 'tis a fine one, she ply'd i'th' Town
Seven years before I knew it.
Loren. That's no matter;
She has the more experience. I am constant.
2 *Wench.* So I will be my Dear, for all their Malice.
3 *Wench.* I will not loose my time thus. *Exit.*
4 *Wench.* Faith, nor I; I could 'een cry my eyes out. *Exit.*
Lion. Now we have time to drink to thee *Andrea*;
A Pox on High-priz'd Whoring. *Chanc. and Wench re-enter.*
Chanc. What's here, two Turtles pining without Mates!
Loren. Their Girls went crying ripe for what ours got.
Chanc. That must not be Ladies; go fetch 'em in,
I'le see them paid, but bring no Tears amongst us;
No weeping *Cupids* here, we're for the Boys
That Caper and shew Tricks in Ladies Eyes.
Andr. 'Fore Heav'n, the merri'st *Greek* I ever met with;
Is he a Servant o'th' Chancellours?
Loren. Aye Sir.
Lion. Faith you are Princes by your Places.
Here's your Lords Health for your sakes; he's a Master
The best i'th' Empire, all men say that.
Chanc. Pox o'Great Men, and great things; they both devour
All that one gives without the least delight;
I'm for the Souldiers Health.
Andr. Then we're your Men:
We two to night did pay the *Turks* away.
Lion. Each kill'd his *Bassa*; though *Thomaza* Huffs,
As if he had done all: but time will come.
I'le say no more,-- our General must not lye thus.
Andr. No, by my Sword,-- I'le fire the City rather---
But let that pass, I'le sing a Song I made
Since we return'd from killing the *Bassa's*.
Chanc. Rogues; that were both in Prison. But the better,--

A Huffing Coward always proves a Villain.
I'le taſte them by and by.---

Andrea ſings. SONG.

They come, they come;
Hark, do you hear that Drum?
It is an Alarum to War;
To Love it does Beat,
A Fatal Retreat:
See, ſee, where our Enemies are.

A Noiſe, a Noiſe,
Of Shouts and Dreadful Crys
Has frighted our Scouts, they come in:
Then farewel delight,
Till after the Fight,
We'll Rout them, and at it agen.

They Fly, they Fly,
Hark how they Quarter cry;
Their Valour lies now in their ſpeed:
Their Baſſa's *in vain*
Would Rally again,
But a Turk *delights not to Bleed.*

Bring Wine, bring Wine,
What do you ſtill repine?
To truſt a brave Souldier for drink;
The Enemy's run,
Then Souldier be gone,
He'l never return you do think.

Chanc. The Wit and Courage of theſe Gentlemen
Deſerves the World *Lorenzo* ſhould be theirs.
Andr. Ah Sir! had we our Pay, we'd be contented:
The Emperour owes us near ſix Weeks Pay.
Chanc. You ne're ſhall ſigh for that; I'le ſend it you.

Lion.

Lion. You ſhall have Impreſt Bills that will ſecure you.
Chanc. That needs not, one ſlight favour you may do
Pays me, and trebles that unto your ſelves.
Andr. Ask any thing i'th' compaſs of our Swords.
Chanc. 'Tis to prevent a Wedding two wou'd ſteal
In S. *Sophia*'s Church by break of day:
A quiet time, you know; if you will ſeize them,
And carry them to the place I ſhall appoint,
Lorenzo will ſee you paid a 1000 Duckets.
Loren. You'l take my word for this, will you not Signior?
Lion. Aye, wer't ten times as much--- but we muſt have
Some of our Men to help us, muſt we not?
Chanc. Aye, that you muſt.
Andr. I have a Faithful Servant, I'le ſend for him,
And he ſhall pick ſome Men fit for the Work.
Lion. We'll not to Bed to night.
Andr. No, no Sleep
Till the good work be done. But more Inſtructions.---
Chanc. We ſhall have time for that. But where's theſe Women?
I cannot live an hour without a Woman;
Oh they're the uſeful'ſt Creatures: --
Come, let's go ſearch, we muſt mix Love with Wine,
A Wiſe Man thus ſtill Revels with deſign. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

Enter Mutantrope *peeping about.*

Mutan. MY Lord is not come; What ſhall I do?
Theſe are *Caliſta*'s Lodgings: Oh that I cou'd
But meet her--- I'd venture being known
To be no Mute to her, rather than ſhe
Should be deluded thus. I ſee her coming;
But there's *Vdoxia* too--- I muſt not ſpeak
Except I get her ſingle.

Enter Caliſta *and* Udoxia; *the Boy makes Signs to get* Caliſta *alone.*

Caliſt. How think you now *Udoxia*?

Udox. I'm convinc'd;
His Boy confirms your words. Ah poor *Irene*!

Caliſt. See but what Tricks he plays to get me with him.
Come *Udoxia*---nay, ſhe muſt go with me. *Ex.* Cal. *and* Udox.

Mutan. There is no ſeparating them. Where ſhould her
Father be? But I muſt follow.--- *Ex.* Mut.

SCENE. *A Church.*

Enter Andrea, Lionello, Lorenzo, *and Souldiers.*

Loren. This is the place they meet at: Seize all that come,
The Barge lies ready for you. I'le retire. *Exit.*

Andr. Down all upon your Knees; devoutly Rogues,
To Pray'rs, to Pray'rs!

1 *Sould.* That's no uſual word of Command Captain.

Lion. Silence, and to your Beads; Knock 'em apace.

Enter Dorello.

Dorell. Ha! ſuch a Crowd of Souldiers: Sure 'tis Devotion
To Rob our Ladies Altar draws them hither
So early in the Morning. Ha! who's here?

Enter Caliſta, Udox. Mutantrope.

Udox. The Boy is like his Maſter, ſure run Mad. *Aſide.*

Caliſt. The Boy grows troubleſome: but where's his Maſter?

Dorell. Not far off Ladies; but he'll be much ſurpriz'd
To meet you two I know.

Enter Lorenzo.

Loren. Hiſt, hiſt, 'tis they *They muffle* Dorello *in his Cloak, and*
Dorell. Ha! what's?--- *carry him,* Mut. *and the Ladies out.*

Enter Prieſts and Ex. running.

1 *Prieſt.* Hoe there! Sacriledge, Sacriledge,
The Sanctuary's violated.

Enter Irene.

Iren. I am come time enough; I'm confident
The *Eaſt* Door did juſt open: I'le to Pray'rs

Till

Till they arrive. *Kneels.*

Enter Chancellour.

Chanc. I muſt needs ſee how this Affair ſucceeds;
Who's this? Val'd! It is ſome Curtezan,
Whoſe hot Devotion has bin up all Night;
My Pray'rs will ſuit with hers--- *Kneels by* Irene, *ſhe pulls*
Ha! 'tis the Fair *Irene*! that hand betrays her, *off her Glove to feel*
I know it by the Locket.--- Lady, your Saint *for a Book; he riſes.*
Is not ſtirring it--- But where are all my Rogues
Drinking their Morning's Draught, I'le be hang'd elſe,
Though they've bin up all Night; my Secretary
Does uſe to play me thoſe Tricks. *Enter Prieſts.*

1 *Prieſt.* Here has bin ſad Diſorders in the Church,
A Gentleman, two Women, and a Boy,
All took away by force, and clapt on Board:
A Barge lay at the Key; I ran and call'd,
But all in vain, for none did dare to ſtop them;
Their *Genowees*'s did it.

Iren. Reverend Sir,
What ſort of Perſons were thoſe carri'd hence?

Chanc. 'Tis She.

1 *Prieſt.* Perſons of Quality I'm ſure.

Chanc. They are my Dogs have lit' upon wrong Game---
I'le place them in Retrieve---

Iren. Pray Heav'n they are not
Some Villains that have ſeiz'd on Prince *Thomazo*,
I cannot wiſh his Falſhood that hard Fate.

Enter Thomazo *Muffl'd.*

Thom. My Patience is quite loſt by lingring doubt.
What Lady's this? *Kneels.*

Iren. Ha! here's the Prince *Thomazo*.

Thom. May I preſume to ask a Queſtion Lady?

Iren. What Queſtion Sir? *In a feign'd Voice.*

Thom. Know you the Fair *Irene*?

Iren. Yes; and *Caliſta* too; but good Sir, peace.

Thom. Your words make me half think you know my buſ'neſs.

Iren. I know 'em both too well.

Thom. Ha! 'tis *Irene*!

Enter Chancellour, Andr. Lionel. *Souldiers: They ſeize* Irene, *and convey her out, whilſt the Captain engage* Thomazo.

Chanc. There's the Woman.

Iren. Help me *Thomazo*! help!

Thom. Villains unhand her, ſhe is worth your lives.

Andr. And Livelihoods too boot: Therefore no paſſing.

Thom. I'le give you double Hire, and Pardon too.

Lion. Ha! Prince *Thomazo*, I'le keep my double diſtance.

Enter Prieſts *and ſeize on* Thom. *Captains run away.*

1 *Prieſt.* Sacriledge, Sacriledge! Murder, Murder!

Thom. Unhand me Fools--your Sanctuary's broke;
The Fair *Irene* is forc'd away by Villains.

1 *Prieſt.* We beg your Highneſs Pardon.

Thom. Spare your Complements, and make purſuit;
The Fair *Irene* is loſt elſe. *Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The Chancellours Houſe.*

Enter Chancellour, Irene, Loren. *Captains Souldiers: The* Chanc. *diſcovers himſelf.*

Chanc. To ſhew you whom you ſerv'd; behold, 'tis me:
Diſpair not of full Recompence--- *Lorenzo*,
Go Treat the Noble Captains like themſelves,
And give the Souldiers Belly-fulls of Wine.

1 *Sould.* We humbly thank your Lordſhip.

Iren. Villains! tell me!
How did you leave the Prince?

Andr. Truly, Madam,
We left him in the hands of Ghoſtly Fathers.

Iren. Oh Heav'ns! the Prince in danger.

Chanc. Madam, don't
Afflict your ſelf, for you will find a Prince
Of far more Pow'r to Court you to his Arms.

Iren. Pernicious Traytor! what's thy Damn'd Deſign?

Chanc. I mean to make you Queen of large Dominions.

Iren. Oh Heav'ns, the Villain does deride my griefs:
But if *Thomazo*'s dead, I'le not ſurvive;

There's

There's many ways to Death, and I'le find one.

Lion. Madam, on that account you need not do't,
For Prince *Thomazo*'s well.

Iren. O! tell me Friend,
One Truth before you die, how did you leave him?

Lion. Why truly then, we left him just as fast
As Heels could carry us; Faith, there's no coming
Within the length on's Sword: yet this I'le boast,
Though he out-fights us, we out-run him much.

Iren. Is the Prince safe then?

Andr. Yes, but I ly'd not,
For Ghostly Fathers laid hold on him,
And so we got the start.

Chanc. You're honest men!
Lorenzo! Treat them first, then pay their Money---
But, do you hear--- be sure you Spice their Cups---

Loren. I shall, my Lord.

Chanc. Give them double Doses.

Andr. Your Lordship is too bountiful. *Ex.* Loren. *and Sould.*

Chanc. Madam, the Mighty *Sultan* is your Slave:
To the Exalted State of *Turkish* Queen
My care is to advance you, think of that.

Iren. Sure thou art not half the Traytor thou would'st seem. *Ex.*

SCENE. *The Town.*

Enter Synan Bassa, Dorello, *and* Mutantrope.

Dorell. My Conversation ever was at Court,
Though not i'th' highest Sphere, and Prince *Thomazo*
Has often honour'd me with his Commands:
But he's a Prince of such a steddy temper,
'Tis not the *Sultans* Empire would Bribe him
To one disloyal thought, much less *Morea*.

Synan. I do believe you Sir; and that's the cause
I cannot find one man that dares attaque him,
Nor do I hope Success, if you shall do't;
I only by it seek to gain some proofs

May

May shew my Prince my care has not bin wanting.
Dorell. Upon the word of a true Gendeman,
I'le break the matter to him--and return,
My Life and Liberty continuing safe,
To give you his full Answer.
Synan. Sir, pardon me,
You have some Secrets gain'd o'th' Chancellour
Must be kept private too.--
Dorell. From all but him,
With whom I mainly treat, they shall, my Lord;
Nor shall he know them but on faithful promises
Of being private, and you may trust his word.
Synan: No generous mind can well suspect another
Without some cause, and I see none in you;
And as a proof of my esteem, I'le trust you.
Dorell. Your Frankness binds me more than Sacraments,
And makes me bold to ask one Favour more,
That as you'd send the Prince this Boy again,
He did esteem him much.
Synan. Sir, I am sorry
I must deny you this--- But Sir, believe me,
This Boy is worth my Life; you do not know
Our *Sultan*--the least breach of his Commands
Is Death inevitable. You heard him say
He'd have him made an Eunuch; I must do't,
Or never see his Face in safety more.
He likes him 'cause he is a Natural Mute;
He's properer for Secrets than the other.
Dorell. No, not at all my Lord, for I will tell you-- *Whispers.*
Mutant. Make me an Eunuch! before I will be that,
I'le own I have both Tongue and Ears to boot.
Synan. 'Tis strange observance this you tell me of;
'Tis pity he was Mute--- but come poor Child---
How's this? Mutant. *will not follow,* Synan *takes hold of him.*
Dorell. I thought he guest at our Discourse.
Syn. This must not save you Sir.
Mutant. O good my Lord,
Synan. Ha! do you delude me Sir?

Dorell.

Dorell. No, on my Life!
Synan. Sirrah! who taught you to dissemble Dumbness?
Mutant. I was a Spy, plac'd on *Thomazo*'s Actions
By my Lord Chancellour.
Dorell. O Monstrous Subtilty!
Synan. Then as thy punishment, I will assure thee,
Thy Tongue shall keep an Everlasting Silence;
For I will ha'it cut out. Sir, follow me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The Chancellours House.*

Enter Andrea, Lionello, *Souldiers poyson'd-- doing mad things; some Cuffing, some Singing.*

Enter Chancellour, Irene *above.*

Chanc. Observe this sight, you'l say I am in earnest,
When I declare I mean to make you Queen.
Iren. What, you have made the *Ruffians* Drunk, it seems!
Chanc. Aye, Dead Drunk; pray mark 'em Madam.
Lion. To be poyson'd thus! to be sent out of the World like
A Rat, by a Politick Whoremaster.-- Oh--oh--
Andr. Was this the double Dose the Devil meant?
Sure 'twas a Cup of Wild-fire mixt in Hell.
Such Drink as this wou'd make Damnation double.
1 *Sould.* Pray, pray Captain! Good Captain let's to pray'rs.
Andr. It is too late for pray'rs-- ten thousand Devils
Are in my Entrals, tearing out my Soul.
Water! Water! to quench this Hellish Fire.
Omn. Water, Water, Water, *&c.*
Andr. See *Lionello*! See, the Devil's there.
Lion. Where? Where? I see him grinning now i'th' Shape
O'th' Chancellour.
Andr. Look! how he Laughs and Snickers; Ha, ha, ha,
A Woman-Devil too--- there's Whores in Hell.
Lion. Aye, Whores! abundance!
Andr. Let me have one then;
They're Coolers *Lionello*! Excellent Coolers,

And

And I'm exceeding Hot.

Chanc. Ha, ha, ha; what Crotchets come into their dying Pates?

Iren. How, dying Sir! in this Diſpairing State!

Chanc. Yes truly, Madam, I take care they ſhan't
Spoil your Advancement by their future Prating.

Iren. I've heard and ſeen too much, and will no more. *Ex.* Irene.

Andr. A VVhore! a thouſand VVhores, good *Lucifer*,
For our Great Chancellour! Some VVhores, I ſay.

Lion. I'le Pimp no more for him! I'le ſee him firſt:
Let him be Flog'd, let him be Flog'd. VVhips, VVhips,
Let him have VVhips of Fire to Laſh his Soul.

Andr. The Stinking Lord grows dry, and needs VVhips;
Then lend me one, good Devil, I will tear him.

Mich. My Lord! *Enter* Michael *with Letters.*
Theſe Letters come from *Synan Baſſa.*

Chanc. See there! the Chriſtian Slaves are paid their VVages.

Lion. Give me my Gold, give me my Gold, Gold, Gold;
I'le Rob the Church no more elſe. Give me Gold.

Andr. Aye, give me Gold! I'le pay my VVhores moſt bravely,
She ſhall wear Smocks well Lac'd.

2 *Sould.* Oh Heaven!

1 *Sould.* If there be Heav'n!
VVhich is the way, good Captain; I'le go thither.

Andr. Right before your Noſe. *All die.*

Chanc. O Heav'ns! my Daughter, and *Vdoxia* both,
Are in the *Turkiſh* Camp--ſurpriz'd by theſe)
In a miſtake. Ten thouſand Torments more
VVrack your Bodies here, and Souls hereafter.

Lion. VVhat Screech-Owl's that? ha! what a ſight is this?
Then I am dying too! My Lord, look down,
All theſe loſt Souls will be requir'd of you;
They will, my Lord; and I can this foretel,
I'th' midſt of all your hopes you will find Death,
By Tortures worſe than ours. Some Mercy Heav'n. *Dies.*

Chanc. Hell take thee for thy News; it meets an hour
Of ſuch Calamity, it makes Impreſſion;
See that their Bodies ſafely are beſtow'd. *Ex.* Michael.
VVould I had ne're begun to be thus ill,

It

It had been better much, when I'd best change
But now I am gone too far to do that safely:
Then farewel Virtue, since it is too late,
By Ills on Ills I'le 'mount above my Fate. *Exit.*

Enter Emperor, Thomazo, Theop. and Attendants. *Noise of a Storm.*

Emp. This is Prodigious! 20 great Ships
To Sail o're Land eight Miles, this threatens more
Than all they did before.

Thom. This Storm was made
Only t'amuse us whilst they lodg'd the Ships
Above the Chain; So to Besiege us round
And cut off all Relief.

Emp. That they'l now do;
Never 'till now we truly found the want
O'th' Christian Ships I order'd to be stopt;
There was some Practice, which I shall find out;
Procur'd that disobedience to those orders;
All I find guilty certainly shall dye for't.

Theop. He that advis'd their Sayling must be one then.

Emp. I do suspect him most, but yet I can't
Safely, without clear proof, Arrest his Person;
The Senate would Resent it, if I did.

Thom. My Lord, No news o'th' Souldiers, or your Daughter?

Theop. No, none at all.

Thom. Surely they have convey'd 'em to the *Turk*?

Emp. I fear that most--- But come, Let's go to Council.

Thom. Council may Cure the State; but cannot me:
This Loss foretels my endless Misery. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chancellor, Lorenzo, Boy.

Loren. *Thomazo* makes the Guards so Vigilant,
Her least Resistance, Sir, would Ruine all.

Chan. Then She must be deluded by this Boy:
Think you he'll do't well?

Loren. Ne're doubt, my Lord,
He is by Nature fram'd for Roguery.

Chan. Instruct him well; But to avoid detection,
Send him along with her ---- I must to Council.

My pretty Child, Do what *Lorenzo* bids thee
And thou shalt have my Favour. *Exit Chamc.*
Loren. Come *Kecko* ------ *Exeunt Lor. Boy.*

Enter Irene Sola.

What a sad life is this to be confin'd
From Friends, or sight of any Humane Creature,
But Cruel, unrelenting Murderers;
And ne're to change this Goal but for a worse:
A Sultaness ------ a Strumpet ------ Ah *Thomazo*,
Hadst thou been true, this Mischief ne're had happen'd.

A Song without, after which Kecko comes in Playing.

VEnus *chanc'd to Love a Boy,*
Young Adonis *was her joy;*
He once lept from off her Knee
To hunt and take an Humble-Bee.
Then the Bagg to her did bring,
She sigh'd, and ask him for the Sting.

2.

When he look'd on, saw her Eye
Drop a Tear, he strait did try,
Oh! forgive me, I will bring
A bigger and a longer Sting.
Smiling, she cry'd, pretty Lad,
When that time comes, I'll be glad.

Irene. I see there still is left some Innocence
To keep the World from sinking. Pretty Boy,
Which way did'st thou get in?
Kecko. I'le shew you, Madam.
Irene. This Child may prove an Angel-Guardian to me. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Emperor, Thomas, Cardinal, Chancellor, Theoph. *as from Councel.*

Emp. This Insolence o'th' Souldiers so debated
By the Senate first, and now by us in Councel,
Does spend that time might better be employed
For the safety of the whole,---- first let the Senate
Provide but Mony speedily to pay them,
Strickt Discipline will follow that of course.

Chanc. Your Majesty however may consider
That these Debates are not without all cause,
I wish to Heav'n they were, with Tears I speak,
To have our Children ravish'd from our Armes;
Nay, torn from Altars in despite to Heav'n,
And all things, Sacred Law, Nature, and Religion,
To be made Prostitutes to their vile Lusts!
To have a Lord o'th' Senate and the Councel,
Convey'd away and Murther'd; This brave Prince,
Forc'd to defend his Sacred Person daily
By his own Courage, 'gainst their Insolence,
Not to speak of Prisons broke, or rescues made,
And all the lesser mischiefs hourly done!
If this be not worth a Senates grave advice,
What can be Sir?

Theoph. My good Lord Chancellor,
I do believe all men will think my griefs
Must equal be to yours, the cause being so,
I'am sure this wretched Life I would give up
To see my Daughter and her honour safe:
But yet I think her yours, and hundreds more
Not worth the time we vainly spend about them:
My Lord, by your advice amongst the rest,
The Empire lies at stake; first think of that,
And mony 'tis, if any thing can save it,
All Councels that retard that, scarce are honest.

Chanc. Honest! 'twas scarce well, said the Senate sitting,
I'm sure of that, for they're of other minds,

And 'tis but fit we wait their Resolutions,

Card. Certainly your Majesty cannot do better.
Then follow their advice; they're the great Council,
They represent the whole, what they conclude,
You may without th' least fear of blame pursue.

Emp. Blame! my Lord Cardinal, you are not my subject,
And so perhaps do err through Ignorance:
But good my Lord, learn this, — I give account
To none but Heav'n for any thing I do:
I take advice 'tis true, but still am free
To act as I see cause, — Council does cease
To wear that name when it can be Coercive;
So know my Lord, I fear no Earthly blame,
No, not the Popes. Then use some other word.

Card. Sir, I ask Pardon if that word offended,
I can be sorry too, but yet that shan't
Make me neglect my Duty to the Pope,
Whom you were pleas'd to name with too much heed,
As I conceive, I have no business here,
Except you think his Holiness on Earth,
Heaven's Deligate.

Emp. In Heavenly things I do;
In Earthly, though he has no more Dominions
Than what our Royal Predecessor gave him;
And if he seeks more here, 'tis Labour lost.

Thom. I'm glad his Eminence hears this Truth
From your own Sacred Mouth; he still believ'd
None but my self durst boldly urge the Point,
My Enemies I'm sure made him believe so.

Chanc. Your Highness I'm afraid mistakes your friends,
Your best and truest Friends, for Enemies,
I humbly am afraid, I say, you do;
For I believe there's not a Grecian breaths,
But does admire you justly for your Virtues,
Your solid Prudence, Constancy and Vallour.

Thom. Spend not your breath my Lord, in long harangs
Of me, for all you can say, wont
Make my Opinion jump with yours.

In

In your this Dayes debates.----
Emp. No certainly,
To urge the ſtop o'th' Empires main concern
For private Grievances, as if you did
Deſign the Turk ſhou'd win it, this is Truth.
Chanc. I'm ſorry that your Majeſty thinks ſo;
But I have hopes the Senate yet will clear me.
Thom. Thoſe hopes are Inſolent! I ſaid it Lord----
Chanc. I hope, my Lord, my candid Actions will
Set me in former favour with my Prince,
And clear to all the World my Innocence;
So humbly begging Pardon, I'le retire. *Exit* Chan.
Card. I wiſh your Majeſty may do the beſt. *Exit* Card.
Theop. This Chancellor, your Majeſty does find,
Diſturbs, if not betrays your weightyeſt Councils.
Emp. He plainly does them both; yet at this juncture
It is not ſafe to take the Seals away,
For fear the Senate think their love to him
Does move me to it.
Thom. Let him keep them,
Without the Princes favour thoſe are uſeleſs.
But Sir, the time requires, that with reſolves
Becoming Majeſty, you preſs the Senate
For ſpeedy Aid, and till that's done, command
That no debate beſide be enter'd on.
Emp. No Emperor, ever Raign'd, had a leſs mind
To place harſh Rules on Councils than my ſelf;
The Freedom of Debates ſhould be preſerv'd
If it were poſſible in every Council,
Much more in that of higheſt Dignity;
If not in time we ne're ſhould hear the Truth,
As theſe common Rules muſt be laid by;
New Exigents muſt make new Preſidents,
And ignorance only ſtill Cries out for old.
Thom. Sir, your affairs are at the laſt extream;
The Senate if they pleaſe may help you much;
And I am confident the major part
Wou'd ſingly quit their lives to do you ſervice;

That

That which prevents them, are some subtle heads,
By specious doubts and questions puzle them.
Your Resolution must undo this Charm.
Emp. Brother, in this I do concur with you,
Nothing but their extreams shall make me so,
They'l either guide or force all I shall do. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

Enter Irene *in Mans Cloaths, with the Boy.*

Irene. THus far we are well; we've past two Courts of Guard:
Dear Child, how many more dost think there is?
Boy. There's but one more before we get toth' Court.
Irene. Sure this is not the way; although't be dark,
Yet I've some little guesse, and think these Lanes
Do rather lead toth' harbour then the Court.
Boy. No, I'le warrant you, do but follow me,
I soon will make you safe. *Enter* Lorenzo, *and*
Irene. 'Tis so; that is the end of St. *Sophia* Michael *dogging.*
Street. Child, thou mistakes, this is the way I'm sure.
Lorenz. That must not be----who goes there?---- *Exiturus.*
None speak, who are you there I say?
Mich. 'Twas no body.
Loren. I'm sure there was, it seem'd a Womans voice,
And comming from my Lord, I hope it is not
The beauteous Lady we had Pris'ner there,
Her losse would ruine him.
Mich. Come, come, there's no body; let's hast home to bed.
Loren. No, I will watch this Street for halfe an hour,
I'm sure 'twas some body design'd to passe. *Exeun: aside.*
Guard without. Who goes there?
Loren. Friends.
Guard. What Friends?
Loren. Friends to the Guard, and Servants to the Lord Chancellor.
Guard. Come before the Captain of the Watch.

Boy.

Boy. The Grand Round's coming; haste! we're undone—

Irene. I'le follow thee—but know not what I shun.

Enter Thomazo *and Soldiers as in a Grand Round, with them* Michael *and* Lorenzo.

Lorenz. Our Lord's not come from Court, and we were going
To wait upon him there.

Thom. The Councel did sit late.

Mich. Your Highness has no commands to honour
Your humble Servants with.

Thom. No, none at all. *Exeunt severally.*

Enter Irene *and Boy.*

Irene. Where are we now? I've follow'd thee so fast,
I had not time t'observe which way we ran.

Boy. Nor I, I'm sure, nor know I what to do,
I've lost my self, and shall be Ruin'd by it,
I wish I ne're had meddl'd.

Irene. What say'st thou Child? Come, I will save thee harmless:
Let's knock at the next house and take a Guide.

Boy. No, no, they all know me, that were the way
To be Surpriz'd, and carry'd to my Lords—
Stay you here, I'le search about for the way. *Exit.*

Irene. How terrible to me this darkness seems!
That and this Habit both do give me fear,
And yet they both must prove my greatest Friends.
Unusual things, though Innocent, amaze us.
I'm near the Strand: I hear the Water roar
As if the Waves sought to o'recome the Shore;
This joyn'd with Solitude, the Night and Fear
Makes all my Danger double to appear;
But who are these? *Hides her self.*

Enter Michael *and* Lorenzo *looking about.*

Lorenz. If she be gone, we'l use the Boat our selves,
It is no staying, she'l betray us all.

Mich. 'Tis a strange Diligence in Prince *Thomazo*,
To walk the Round himself.

Lorenz. To meet with us in St. *Sophia*-street was damn'd
Unlucky too.

Michael. Would that was all,

But

But thus to lose our prize, makes me ſtark Mad,
Let's to the Barge, perhaps they may inform us. *Exeunt.*

Irene. Theſe are the Villains that the Round did ſtop,
And Prince *Thomazo* too it ſeems was there:
Oh! my unlucky Fear that made me fly
From ſuch a Sanctuary that was ſo near me,
Their words ſeem'd darkly to reflect on me,
And on a Boat; I hope I am not betray'd.
But where ſhould be the Boy, he ſtays thus long?
I am affraid, in ſeeking out his way,
He's ſlipt into the Sea: Heavens guard him from it.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Hiſt! hiſt!

Irene. Here, here! oh, there has bin two men
Came talking by: Two of the Chancellors Servants,
They ſeem'd to ſpeak of me and of a Boat.

Boy. Which way went they?

Irene. Down this Street.

Boy. That's our way; I now have found it out,
Come, let's make haſte----

Irene. No, let's go any way rather than that.

Boy. We muſt go that, there is no other truly.

Irene. I tell thee, Child, I'le rather ſeek *Thomazo*,
He's on the Round, I wiſh I had not ſhun'd him;
Come, let's up this Street.

Boy. Stay a little!
What ſhall I do? how unlucky 'twas I went
That they ſhould miſs us thus,---I'de better kill her,
I'm ſure, than ſhe ſhould meet *Thomazo*,
That muſt not be then: but I will trifle time;
Perhaps they may return.

Irene. Come Child, what look'ſt thou for? Prithee let's go,
This way I'm ſure does lead to the higher ſtreet,
And that way to the Sea.

Boy. No, I'm confident this is our way,
And I muſt go no other; Pray come then.

Iren. This Boy Surprizes me,---I will go this way.

Boy. You ſhall not take my Cloaths along with you. *Draws.*

I am ſure of that, if you will needs be going,
Strip and deliver them firſt.

Iren. Prithee Child, let me perſwade thee.

Boy. No, no, give me my Cloaths, and go where you will.

Iren. You know I want my own, and they're much better;
Put up thy Sword.

Boy. No, no, go back toth' houſe, and take your Cloaths,
But on you ſhall not go if I han't mine.

Iren. I have a Sword too, and ſure, methinks his ſtrength
Should not be more than mine; Come, Prithee
Be rul'd, and go this way, I have a Sword elſe,
And twice the ſtrength of thee; but I am loth
To do thee hurt, if thou wilt put up thine.

Boy. No, I will not, except you'l go this way.

Irene. Nay, then there's more than Childiſh thoughts
Does prompt the Boy: To this a greater fear
Muſt drive away the leſs----
Come Child, be rul'd, I ſtill am loth to hurt thee. *Draws.*

Boy. Nay, if you come to that, do what you can,
You ſhall not ſteal my Cloaths:
I muſt gain time, yet I'm loth to hurt her.

They fight awkerdly, and at a great diſtance.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Michael.

Irene. Boy, you ſee your Sword can do no good;
Then truſt my word, and go along with me.

Boy. If I had thought you'd ha' ſerv'd me thus,
I'd never have helpt you, that I wou'd not.

Lorenz. How's this! They're here---- *Aſide.*
What, Men a quarrelling?

Mich. No, on my life meer Boys,
Ripe Soldiers I'le be Sworn; what is the Quarrel?

Boy. Let him tell it if he will.

Iren. O! I am loſt, theſe are the Murderers,
The Boy will certainly diſcover me.

Loren. Young Gentlemen, here take your Swords agen;
What would your Quarrel be? Rivals in Love!

Mich. Ay, for a Paper Kite, or ſome ſuch thing:
What, will neither of you relate your Quarrel?

Boy. Our Quarrel was about the way to Court,
He ſaid 'twas that; and I affirm'd 'twas this.
Loren. Then he was in the wrong, and ought ask pardon.
Irene. I do with all my heart: Pray, Sir, forgive me;
What a good Boy is this that ſtill conceals me.
Mich. We juſt came both from Court,
Yet will go back a little way with you
To ſet you right, that you ſha'nt miſs it after.
Boy. I humbly thank you Sir.
Irene. And ſo do I;
But I ſtill doubt this way, I know not why? *Exeunt.*

Enter Synan *and* Caliſta.

Synan. It was a ſtrange neglect you and your Father
Both made, in not diſcovering this *Dorello*
To be a Lord o'th' Council: I'm afraid
'Twill coſt his Head; but I have given him notice,
He is gone back, and on what Errand too.
Caliſt. I hope his Wiſdom ſoon will find away
To clear himſelf, and place all guilt on him:
But good my Lord, how ſtands my great affair.
Synan. Madam, as you wou'd wiſh to morrow Night,
The Sultan does intend you for his Bed,
Therefore adorn your ſelf with all your Charms.
Caliſta. My Lord, this Obligation is ſo great,
That no ſufficient thanks can be repay'd.
Synan. Yes, Madam, but it may; for tho' we Eunuchs
Cannot be Lovers, yet our other Paſſions
Grow more unruly by our loſs of that,
As Deprivation of one Senſe, does double
The Vigour of another: ſo Ambition
Oft gives hopes, fears, fruition, and deſpair
To us, more violently then Lovers feel them,
Then when you ſhall poſſeſs the Sultans heart,
This paſſion of my Soul you may indulge.
Caliſt. Next pleaſing him, it ſhall be all my Study,
And let me be deſpis'd by the Great Sultan
That hour I fail to be your faithful Creature:
Thus I muſt talk till I poſſeſs my power,

Then

Then I am free to act as I see cause. *Enter* Mutan *with a*
Synan. Go, bring that Person in that brought this *Letter which*
Letter; Madam, 'tis from your Father. Synan *reads.*

Enter Messenger.

Tell me Friends! how did the Youths you brought
Behave themselves?

Messeng. One Sir was quiet, to'ther shew'd a sorrow
Approach'd near Madness, oft, if not prevented,
He had leapt over-board to drown himself;
Thus he continued 'till our Boat was boarded,
By one went hence to Town; in that there was
A Christian the Boy knew, and whisper'd with;
On which he did produce a large Commission
Under the Sultans Seal, and sign'd by you,
Pretending he had power to take him from us,
But all in vain; our Orders were too strict,
So we refus'd obedience, and have brought him.

Synan. You have done well, keep them without a little, *Ex.* Mess.
This desperate Youth he talks of is *Irene*, *and* Mut.
And he that would have seiz'd her, is *Dorello*,
None else have had my pass: What's to be done?

Calist. Sir, if the Sultan sees her, I am despis'd;
Her charming Beauty will eclipse mine quite.

Synan. But how shall I prevent it?

Calist. If you would
Oblige me to the full, then tell the Sultan
That she is lost by'th' way: her Sex conceal'd,
As I perceive 'tis yet, will make the Story
Above all Contradiction, but by me,
And for my own sake, I shall never clear it;
This way you may secure my happiness,
And place about his Person your own Creature.

Synan. I will devote my future life to you,
And hazard all my Fortunes on your Game;
But how shall I conceal this charming Beauty.

Calist. Deliver her to me, as a Boy
Sent you by some mistake, her fears will then
Prompt her to keep conceal'd.

Synan. Well, I'le prepare her------ *Exit* Synan.

Caliſt. Now baſe *Thomazo*, I'le Revenge thy ſcorns
Upon the Perſon of the lov'd *Irene:*
She and *Vdoxia* both ſhall feel the ſmart
Of an inrag'd Love, led by deſpair,
Yet ſtill my powers ſecure, I muſt diſſemble:
This *Synan Baſſa* has a Soul too honeſt
To be Aſſaulted with my great Deſigns
'Till I'm above his Arts to keep me out,
But that once brought about; then my great Soul,
Shall freely have it's ſwing without controule.

Enter Synan *with* Irene

Synan. Your Labour will not be much, Madam, this Boy
Sent me, I know not why, here I devote
To do you ſervice------- *Ex.* Synan.

Caliſt. My Lord I thank you,
A pretty Boy indeed; your name ſweet Youth.

Irene. I had not time to make it! Oh my Fate!
To be condemn'd a Slave to her I hate.

Caliſt. What are your Bluſhes, Feare, or Modeſty,
Diſpence with both at preſent; tell your Name:

Irene. My Name's *Thomazo.*

Caliſt. Heaven's ſhe mocks me!
But oh my Rage, be ſtill till I can feaſt Thee!
Where were you Bred? and who did you belong to?

Iren. I've hardly wit enough to anſwer; Madam,
My over tender Friends childiſhly Bred me,
And I'm afraid 'twill Kill my Aged Father,
To find that I am loſt: If you have goodneſs
But equal to your Beauty, 'tis exceſſive,
And ſure a juſt Requeſt you can't deny.

Caliſt. It may be not, but tell me what it is,
Your Complement does ſtrongly plead for you.

Irene. Madam, it is you would prevent the trouble
An unexperienc'd Boy will hourly give you,
And ſend me back agen to my poor Father.

Caliſt. That muſt not be, you are too fair to part with;
I like theſe Childiſh looks; This pretty Face

Muſt

Muſt not Adorn it ſelf with Bluſhes thus,
They do aſſault a heart too haſtily;
Part with ſuch ſweetneſs! Every word that begs it — *Streaks & plays with* Irene
Is a new Charm to ſtrengthen a Denyal;
I'le fetch a Glaſs, we will compare our Faces. — *Exit* Caliſt.
Iren. It is no wonder, Prince *Thomazo* gain'd her
Upon his firſt addreſs, ſince ſhe can thus
Court me, yet think me all the while a Boy. — *Enter* Caliſta *with a glaſs.*
Caliſt. Come hither pretty Rogue. That Noſe of thine
Would match this Face much better, Thoſe Plump lips
Methinks I cou'd Steal too---- I needs muſt kiſs 'em---
Irene. Good Madam, pardon me.
Caliſt. So very Coy!
That pretty Chin I like---- but for my Eye
I wou'd keep that, my Eye-brows too and Forehead;
Betwixt thy Face and mine might ſure be made
A Beauty that wou'd Captivate all Hearts;
Let's try to make one ſuch. Thy Innocence
Can do no harm in Bed; come thou and I
Wont part till both get better Bed-fellows. — *Ex.* Caliſta.
Iren. Prodigious Impudence! This goes beyond
The worſt invented Stories of our Sex. Ha! — *Enter* Caliſta *and* Udoxia.
Caliſt. Perhaps *Irene* will own her ſelf to you,
To me ſhe ſeems all man, and Courts me too.
Irene. Pardon me, Madam, that I durſt not own
A Perſon I wiſht loſt to the whole World.
Caliſt. What to *Thomazo*?
Irene. Las, that Name I took
In too much haſte, I know not what I ſaid.
Udox. But can this be *Irene*?
Iren. Dear Friend, it is,
The much ſurpriz'd *Irene* to meet you here.
Caliſt. Did not *Dorello* tell you of us both?
Iren. How Madam, can you know he met with me?
Caliſt. I do forget my ſelf, you came but now.
Udox. But what in this diſguiſe has brought you hither?
Iren. How we're all here, I know not, but *Caliſta*,
I fear your Father has been much too blame.

Udox.

Vdox. But I'le amend his Fault, by keeping you
From being ſeen by any perſon living,
'Till you are ſafe got back.
Iren. If this prove true,
Her worth will my Averſion quite ſubdue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Emperor *and* Chancellor *Diſcourſing earneſtly.*

Emperor. This to my Reaſon ſeems incredible,
Yet to my ſence is plain.
Chanc. Your Majeſty
Will ſure perceive my Innocence by this,
And what juſt grounds I had for all my Fears.
Emp. I know not what to think, but ſure he cannot
Be ſo unnatural, as this does ſpeak him:
Ill men begin at firſt with petty Crimes,
And dare not by degrees lanch forth to great.
But he at one great leap from good to bad,
Seems to love miſchief in Extremity,
And ſcorn to mount it's top by graduation.
Chanc. Sir, to be near, and yet but near a Crown,
In Souls like his move ſtrong Agitations.
Emp. What ſhall I ſay to it? ---I cannot think---
But he will ſoon be here---- *Dorello* too---
I ſcarce have Faith enough to doubt of his,
But to believe an only Brother Traitor,
And Traytor to this height---I cannot do't----
Chanc. Sir, as you pleaſe for that. I charge him not---
Alas he is too great for me to Cope with,
But I had rather much his Power ſhould Cruſh me;
Ay! Cruſh me into nothing---then that you
Who are my Soveraign Lord, and ſuch an one
To whom I owe all that is Noble in me,
Shou'd ſeem to hazard life, and Empire both,
By any fears of mine-----
Emp. What ſhall I do?
Cannot a Prince be merciful and ſafe?
'Tis very hard I find---this wicked Age
Does almoſt think there's no ſuch thing as goodneſs,

And

And villifie all Persons that profess it;
If Princes pardon Crimes they count it weakness,
And if they punish them 'tis Tyranny.

Enter Thomazo.

Thom. Sir, did you send for me?

Emp. Ay *Thomazo*!
But 'tis to tell you that which does amaze
Far more then Anger me; Cannot you guess
At what the matter is, and spare my Tongue
The trouble to declare such unkind things;
I wish you would *Thomazo*.

Thom. Your Majesty
Shall not find it hard to know the greatest secret
My mind can labour with.

Emp. Then tell me Brother,
Have not some late transactions done by you,
Or by *Dorello's* Ministry at least,
Bin of that Nature, well nigh cause my Anger.

Thom. Commented on by Enemies they may,
And I suspect no Friend was so officious
To tell you my design.

Chanc. I do perceive
I'm some restraint upon the Princes Candor,
Therefore shall take my leave. *Exeunt* Chanc.

Emp. And can you Brother
Wish Empire without Glory?

Thom. Sir, I know not
What 'tis your words do tend to? All I know
Or have transacted that might trouble you,
Has not the least Reflections towards Empire.

Emp. Then tell your Reasons Brother.

Thom. Sir, the Cause
I kept my Passion secret, was for fear
Some scruples in your own or Senates Breasts
Might have prevented that, which when once done,
I knew you soon wou'd Pardon.

Emp. Pardon Brother,
What, think you I'm so tame to Pardon Treasons,

That

That ware so black a Visage?

Thom. Sure no Law
Does limit my free choice of any Wife,
Under so high a Penalty as Treason;
But if there was, the Merit of *Irene*
Wou'd strongly plead I'm sure in my excuse.

Emp. This Love you own, I never did dislike,
Though I suspected it; but 'tis not that
Has brought me to this Parly, but worse matters.

Thom. Sir, I am ignorant of any thing,
Besides my hopeless Love can move your Anger.

Emp. Nay, Brother, you shall see 'tis not slight matters
That have oblig'd me to this unkind Parly. *Enter* Messenger.
Bring in that fellow there----- friend, tell your Story.

Messeng. Sir, as I said before, being employ'd
Toth' *Turkish* Camp about Intelligence,
I there have heard them say, that Prince *Thomazo*
Must be *Morea*'s King, and that this Town
On that condition, he will soon give up.

Thom. Sir, can you credit Slaves, hir'd to accuse me,
Of such impossible designs as these?
Villain! who has suborn'd you to say this?

Emp. Be patient till you hear his Story out.

Thom. I sooner might be patient when hot Pincers
Were tearing off my Flesh.

Emp. But I commend you.

Thom. Then silent Sir as Death, I'le hear my honour
Be blasted by his Breath----- and never murmur,
No Sheep shall fall more tamely Sir then I.
Friend, say all that the Chancellor has taught you.

Messeng. Sir, what I've said, and what I am to say,
My Senses all must Witness is most true,
Though in the least I do not accuse your Highness;
What I have said, I heard i'th' *Turkish* Camp:
I did---- and what I saw there, is to follow----
Which is that oft at *Synan Bassa*'s Tent,
I've seen the Lord *Dorello* in great favour,
And Courted by the *Bassa*, but last Night

He

He did come back to Town in a disguise;
For meeting in their Fleet we boarded Boats,
And though he knew not me, yet I did him;
I saw him there produce a large Commission,
And shew it to the *Turkish* Admiral,
By which he had full power to close with you.
This Sir is true, as I have proof enough.

Emp. Return to your Confinement for a while,
You nor your Fellows sha'nt be long restrain'd;
What think you of this Brother. *Exit* Messenger.

Thom. Sir, I think
That Vertue which you Worship proves an Idol,
An empty name, less sollid then a shaddow:
Oh deep unfathom'd Villanies of State!
Through what strange Mazes do you wind your selves,
That honest men cannot find Clews to trace you.----

Emp. What a sad Fate have Princes that are born
To bare the Fate of sinking Monarchy;
Those actions which we judge will prop it most,
Produce its speedier Ruin: Faction grows
And spreads it self through Councel, Court, and Nation,
And nothing can be heard but accusations,
These when we wou'd Unite for common good,
They say we Cherish for our private safety;
If we believe them all, then none are honest;
If we give Ear to none, all will grow angry;
So whether we're severe or moderate,
Our Glory's hid i'th' Ruin of the State.

Thom. Sir, I have thought upon't, all this seems false,
But how to prove it so, I cannot guess.

Emp. Brother, I'le say no more but only this,
Act as you please, I n're can be unkind. *Exit* Emperor.

Thom. What worth the keeping life for now is left?
I am stript of all that's Dear, Friend, Mistriss, Brother,
And of my Honour too! ----- why live I then?
Because I am a Christian! Surely though
That cou'd at the first teach Contradictions,
What were most Martyrs but Self-Homicide?

What ſevere Hermit too but ſhortens life,
Why then 'tis plain I'm Maſter of my ſelf.
By beſt Rules of our Philoſophy : ----
But ſome will hold 'tis Cowardize to die
For fear of Miſery ! ---- Why then I'le live ;
Yet ſcarce my ſelf, my ſelf alive ſhall know :
In ſtrict retirement my few hours will ſpend,
And by ſharp Abſtinence my life will end. *Exit.*

Enter Emperor, Theophilus, Chancellor, Cardinal, *and* Juſtiniano, *who kneels and Kiſſes the Emperors hand.*

Juſt. Sir, I with thanks receive my Liberty,
And ſhall diſcharge the Duty of my place,
With all the Zeal that may be ſince I hear
You have laid by the Prince.
Emp. My Lord, I wiſh
You'd place a greater Guard upon your words ;
It is not I, but my unlucky Stars
Have for the Empires ruine laid him by.
Juſt. Sir, you ſhall ſee it's ſtronger prop
If you will find away to pay my men.
Chanc. My Lord, you do offend his Majeſty,
In ſpeaking of the Prince with ſuch contempt ;
You had beſt attend your Charge, and leave to me
The getting of your Pay : The Emperor
Is put upon a project to get Mony
And you ſhall find your ſhare.
Juſt. My Lord, my men
Wont Fight one ſtroak without it, that I tell you. *Ex.* Juſtin.
Chanc. Nay, good my Lord, no more, Your Majeſty
Should not regard his Folly but his Courage.
Emp. Courage ! Each private Soldier may have that,
'Tis Conduct only makes a General ;
And I ſuſpect his much, for all your Pray'rs ;
But I'le not long endure his Inſolence,
I'le rather hazard all on my own perſon.
Chanc. What means your Majeſty ?
Emp. Why Fame does ſay,

This

This Sultan *Mahomet*'s a Valiant Prince;
I'le try, if he'l on ſingle Combat ſtake
The Fortune of this War.
Chanc. How's this? *Aſide.*
Cardinal. Perhaps
You have not well conſider'd that deſign;
Your Majeſty in ſuch a weighty Cauſe
Muſt ask advice of Piety not Paſſion.
Emp. My Lord, you ſpeak as if ſtrong Appetite
Did make me ſeek this Combat for a pleaſure,
But I'le aſſure you 'tis on no ſuch Cauſe:
Thank Heav'n I dare, but do not love to fight.
Card. No Sir, nor muſt not ſingly; Heaven's ſtrict Laws
Deliver'd by the Church, does quite forbid
All Duells under pain of higheſt cenſure.
Emp. Surely, when Heav'n gave Sacred Characters
To Clergy men; it did not then diveſt
The reſt of Mankind of the uſe of Reaſon;
Did it my Lord?
Card. No, not of common Sir.
Emp. Common! I underſtand no ſuch diſtinction;
Reaſon is Reaſon, and that does plainly ſay,
If I i'th' head of Thouſands may make War,
And hazard both my own and others lives,
I ſure much more, may ſingly do the ſame.
Card. Not without diſpenſation from the Pope,
As humbly I conceive.
Emp. The Pope, good Man!
No Diſpenſations from his Officers,
'Tis they muſt have a Fee: Theſe tricks of *Rome*,
Of firſt forbidding, then diſpenſing things,
Has Rob'd it of the Reverence once it had,
From beſt Adviſers to Mens Conſciences;
They now are grown to be their Torturers,
Things in themſelves indifferent they make ſin;
And real ſins they dare give leave to act:
A man may be a Saint and Traitor both,
When Diſpenſation frees him from his Oath.

But trouble not your self Lord Cardinal,
I'le ask the Sultans Diſpenſation only,
If he conſents, I'le not refuſe the Fight.

Enter Dorello *like a Doctor.*

What have you ſeen him Doctor?

Dorel. Sir, I find,
Except your Majeſty in perſon goes,
His Servants dare not let him be diſturb'd.

Emp. How do they ſay he is?

Dorel. They do believe,
As I have ſaid; it is a Lunacy
Sprung from an over-tender ſence of Honour;
But ſtill I'd undertake on pain of Death,
Were I but few days with him, I wou'd awe him.

Emp. Come, we'l go viſit him, his Health wou'd bring
Me Vigour to our ne're expiring power. *Ex.* Emp. *&c.*

Chanc. Pray Heav'n he be but Mad, I'le never fear.
This cheating Quack from *Perſia* e're can cure him:
He'l ſooner Poiſon him I'le undertake,
And that part of his Art I'le try him in
If I can fix him well---but ſtay this Combat
The Emperor deſigns, and I do fear
The Sultan may accept in thirſt of Glory
Muſt be prevented; 'tis too much to ſtake
My utmoſt certain hopes upon one Throw.
But ſure I need not fear, the fair *Irene*
Will keep him from that Danger. *Enter* Michael.

Mich. Noble Sir,
New Letters from the *Baſſa*, ſay his Maſter
Doth Dote ſo much, that he forbears all action.

Chanc. How's this? I fear the Love he bares *Irene*
May make him raiſe the Siege.

Mich. I fear it too.

Chanc. Well, ſomething muſt be done that may prevent it,
Can you learn nothing yet of this *Dorello*?

Mich. Not any thing, my Lord.

Chanc. Sure he walks Inviſible! That Danger

Did

Did threaten moſt of all, and yet my Stars
Has brought me off with Triumph.----
But ſtay! ---- The Emperor deſigns to Beg
Something by way of Loan o'th' Citizens;
He'l find them Curſed free! Ha! ha! ha! a Beggar Prince
Is ſuch a Contradiction ---- but I'le go
And ſee the ſport, I hope I ſhall be able
To keep my ſelf from down right laughing at him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thomazo, Solus *with a Book in his hand.*

Thom. It cannot be but all that they ſay's Chymera,
There is no ſollid Truth in all this ſtuff;
'Tis meerly words: They'r Sinowy Silloginſmes
By which they puzle both themſelves and us,
Are perfect Ropes of Sand: If we'l be Fools
To grant their firſt Conceptions, then they'l prove
The Conſequence muſt needs be this or that.
Grant me ſays one an Immaterial Giant,
That does reſide in Immaterial place,
I'le prove he turns the *Primum Mobile*,
And that turn all things elſe about the Globe:
Then ſtarts another up, and he conceives,
That Immaterial Being is abſurd;
Strait brings his Giant in to do his Tricks
On good Material Leggs ---- then ſhews a Storm
Produc'd by a ſlight cold matter had got,
Which made it Sneeze ---- all comes to ſuch like ſtuff,
Avant ſubſtantial thick *Ægyptian* darkneſs, *Throws away the Book.*
Rank miſt of words be gone; there's nothing true,
No nothing: Good and Ill are only Names
Stampt by our Intereſts; farewell all Books,
I'le Study nothing but my Miſery, *Enter* Emperor,
And how to Die apace. Ah Mighty Sir, Card. Dorello.
And may I not have leave to do that neither,
'Tis all I beg; you once were a kind Brother.

Emp. I've not a thought but ſpeaks me kind as ever.
Here is a Learned Doctor.

Thom. What to do?
I want no health ----- If you have skill, feel here,

Does

Does not my Heart keep it's Pulsation right,
As right as ever, though it is just a breaking;
Come wave your profit once and speak the Truth.
Am not I well in health?

Dorel. Your Highness is
In what the Bloods concern'd.

Thom. Oh, let alone
The inward man: That goes beyond your Tools,
Your Probe's not long enough to Tent my Soul:
Sir, on my Knees I beg I may be private.

Emp. From all but this one man, Brother you shall-----

Thom. Then since I must be Plagu'd with conversation,
I'le ask some questions: How go things i'th' Senate?

Emp. Their obstinacy forc'd me to dismiss them.

Thom. That was a prudent step, but how the Siege?

Emp. The Turks like loving Neighbours seem most quiet.

Thom. They then expect some Revolution here!
Lord Cardinal, when come our helps from *Rome?*
When I go next abroad, ----- nay, my good Lord,
I've answer'd now my self, ----- your Majesty,
I hope, will free me now from all but him.

Emp. Study your health, dear Brother, till you're well,
My Self and Empire both do languish in you.

Exeunt Manent Thom. *and* Dor. *who pulls off his Beard.*

Thom. Come Sir, to work,, have you a Dose of *Opium,*
For I want Sleep extreamly,--- Ha --- *Dorello.*

Dorel. Ah Sir! Can you endure a Traytors Breath;
For so State Pamplets, and the Ballets call me;
For what I do not know, except it be,
That I know some are such, I must not name;
But I have secrets Sir that will amaze you.

Thom. Not more then does your Presence in this manner;
Sure I'm deceiv'd, ----- on with your Beard again,
So,---- now I see it only was my Fancy:
But where's *Dorello* gone?

Dor. Ah, Noble Sir,
I fear you are not so well as I did hope.

Thom. It is *Dorello*'s voice too,---Ah dear Friend,

Wonder

Wonder not I ſeem'd Craz'd: Alas, *Irene*,
Is Murder'd I believe, or loſt for ever.
Dor. No Sir, She is not Dead, though I muſt fear,
That as you gueſs ſhe may be loſt for ever.
Thom. Not Dead! how know you that?
Dor. I've ſeen her Sir,
And She's i'th' *Turkiſh* Camp from whence I came.
Thom. From thence I'le preſently go Reſcue her. *Exit.*
Dorel. He is too near Diſtraction to be told
Irene's the Sultans Miſtriſs; but I'le go
And humour all his fancies till he ſleeps,
Perhaps ſome reſt will make him fit for Council. *Exit.*

Shouts without. *Enter* Emperor, Chancellor, Cardinal, *Attendants and Rabble.* Michael.

Emp. Their Obſtinacy makes things deſperate:
What's to be done my Lord? *Enter* Alderman.
Chanc. Try a few more, here comes an Alderman.
Emp. Friend, you are Rich, I'm told, and therefore ſhou'd
Spare ſomething of it for your Countries ſafety;
Nay, for your own, your Wife and Childrens too;
For they and all you have lies now at ſtake.
Alder. Your Majeſty is misinform'd of me;
I Rich! alas Sir, I am very poor.
Chanc. Conſider Friend, who 'tis that goes a Begging;
Your careful Emperor himſelf in Perſon.
Card. Your much diſtreſs'd Prince, conſider that,
Give ſomething Sir, and Heav'n will ſure reward it.
Emp. Friend, 'Tis not for my ſelf I ask! Heaven knows
That was't not for you my loving People,
I'd ſooner die then undergo this Shame:
Come Sir, be liberal, that others may
By your Example lend their mony freely.
That ſo the Soldiers paid, may boldly Fight,
And here I promiſe on my Royal Word,
That what you lend I'le faithfully repay
As ſoon as Peace has open'd Trade again.
Alder. This way of borrowing Sir, I fear's Illegal

Without

Without the Senates leave,---- and I'd be loath
To break the Law, and make bad Presidents
That might infringe the Liberty o'th' Subject.
Chanc. Ay! there's the Argument that choaks them all.
Emp. How strangly Friend you do mistake the Law,
Am I in worse condition than a Subject?
Who wanting mony borrows any where;
Nay, what I borrow, I by force might take
At such a time as this---- a Law there is,
A Narural Law of Pow'r it may be call'd,
Which gives the Prince aright to every thing
He thinks may keep the Common-wealth from sinking,
And this no other Law can Abrogate----
Alder. My Council does inform me otherwise,
And I shall take his word----- Except my Lord,
You'l give your hand upon't he's in the wrong.
Chanc. Good Friend forbare, I am no Advocate
That signs my hand to every Case that's put:
His Majesty expects your answer Sir. *Enter* Thomazo *and*
Thom. Ha! what Mock State is this? Dorello *disguised.*
Alder. Your Majesty
Must pardon me, for I can spare no Mony. *Exit* Alder. *& Rabble.*
Emp. 'Tis labour lost, Heav'n surely binds their Eyes
To their Destruction; but I find, my Lord,
That you concur with their false arguing.
Chanc. The times are dangerous Sir, I dare not speak
Except in private Council----
Emp. Princes may
By me be warn'd of two much Lenity;
The Rabble is a Jade, must feel her Rider,
'Tis not soft taps I see, but whips must rule her,
Humility moves none but generous Souls. *Exeunt* Emp. *&c.*
Thom. Was I not obstinate to see *Irene*,
I scarce could let this Traytor live a Moment.
Dorel. Good Sir, let me intreat you to desist
From that so dangerous and vain attempt.
Thom. *Dorello*, say no more, I'm resolv'd
To shew her I was true, though she's not so;

And

And ſhou'd Death wait me in the *Turkiſh* Camp,
Yet I wou'd go, ---ſee! how the Traytor laughs---
Chanc. I put him on this project for his Ruin;
It was a ſubtle Myne, I knew, when ſprung,
Wou'd blow up all that little power he had:
An humble Prince makes Subjects Inſolent,
Then what does Begging do, ---ha, ha, ha, honeſt *Michael*,
Go watch how he ſucceeds, and bring me word. *Exit* Michael.
Thom. I muſt Alarm him----
His Soul is much too jocun'd for a Traytors;
My Lord, I have a mind to give allay
To your exceſſive laughter---where's *Irene*?
Chanc. Ha!
Thom. Your Daughter too, *Vdoxia* and *Dorello*,
What? you to ſave their lives, have ſent them hence,
What punctual day Sir, muſt the Town be took?
Chanc. Sure Slave you know me not, you dare talk thus!
Thom. Yes, you are he, that by the help of Souldiers,
Did break the Sanctuary! ---- then for Reward,
Beſtow'd a Doſe of Poiſon on your Slaves;
You thought their Dying too a pleaſant ſight.
Chanc. What Devil canſt thou be that dar'ſt accuſe
Of Crimes ſo falſe as theſe?
Thom. I cannot ſtay at preſent now to prove them;
But in good time I may; i'th' Interim
I'le ſtep and tell your Daughter y'are a Traytor.
Have you no ſervice to the Eunuch *Baſſa*,
I'le kiſs his hands e're long----
Chanc. Ho! *Michael*!
Thom. If you'd prolong your life one day or two,
You may by being Silent; but if not,
This is your lateſt Moment. *Exit* Thom. Dor.
Chanc. Sure this muſt be
Some of *Dorello*'s Inſtruments in Town.
My Ruin is contriv'd, I plainly ſee,
And I muſt be as quick in my preventions. *Enter* Michael.
Mich. The Begging Emperor has but ill ſucceſs.
Chanc. Curſe on him, we have worſe, all is betray'd;

I've bin attaqu'd by one that knows *Dorello*,
And every thing by him that we have done.
Mich. Can this be possible, and we not find him;
I hop'd he had bin drown'd in his coming.
Chanc. No, all my Starrs grow dull of late; I think
They take no care of me, or my designes,
But still my Plots are spoil'd by Countermines. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

Enter Thomazo *and* Dorello.

Dorel. THe *Bassa*'s Kindness to me still Continues,
Nay, rather is increas'd by knowing me.
But yet I can't prevail to see the Ladies.

Enter Mutantrope, *They sign to one another.*

But see your little Traitor, -----is your Tongue
Cut out?----- it is no matter, you deserv'd it-----
Nay, you do well, to own your fault,
There is no trusting such a Rogue as you.
If I had any business-----wou'd you indeed-----
Then let me see *Vdoxia*, or *Calista*-----
How! *Calista* in such favour! where's *Irene* then?
Thou art a lying Rogue, I still perceive-----
Oh Villain, dar'st thou swear so false a thing?
As that the *Sultan* does not know *Irene*?-----
Thom. Can only such a Traitor speak the truth?
And all Man-kind be lyars? yet, methinks
The vertue of *Irene*, does make me hope it.
Dorel. If this you swear, be true, then bring my Friend
And me to see *Irene*-----If you're forsworn
Expect a greater judgment then you have-----
Well, wee'l try your faith. *Ex.* Mutaut.

Thom.

Thom. The Boy is ſtrangly earneſt; ſure he cannot
Be ſuch a Villain to invent all this?
'Tis poſſible the ſubtle Chancellor
Contriv'd, that Fame might ſay it was *Irene*,
Leſt his Intelligence might be ſuſpected.

Dorel. I can't tell, what to think; there's no deſign
The Boy can have--- is worth his Perjury,
Except he wholly does delight in Falſe-hood.

Thom. To ſee *Irene*, and ſee her true, will be
Some few Degrees beyond felicitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Synan.

Synan. She threatens now: what a rank Aſs was I
To bring ambitious Beauty 'bout my Prince,
This Poiſon is for *Irene*-----
I'm confident,---but Lady look about you,
We Stateſmen have our tricks; 'tis well I did not
Inform her Father that it was her ſelf,
And not the fair *Irene* the Sultan dotes on,
Did he but know it, we ſoon ſhould have bin here:
His Politick Pate wou'd ſtill Solicite Bowſtrings
Might be preſented us, that vacant places
Might be diſpos'd by him,-----but to his greif,
Both he and all men elſe, think 'tis *Irene*.

Enter Caliſta, Irene, Udoxia, *and* Mutes, *one Carrying a Cup of Poiſon, th' other Bowſtrings.*

Caliſt. No! I'le cut off my fears, their hopes and thine
All at one blow.

Synan. Conſider but the Crime!

Caliſt. No *Synan*, you miſtake that charming Face
Which in dead colours firſt bewitch'd my Lord,
Shall not remain for you to ſhew a line,
From that deſign Springs all your Piety.

Synan. If you fear that, then ſpare this other Lady;
Why Madam, muſt ſhe dye?

Caliſt. For ſweet revenge,
She did upbraid me, with my Fathers Nature

And now she'l find I have it thoroughly.

Vdox. I will not loſe a Pray'r to ask thee Mercy,
Nor will I live after *Irene* is Dead.

Caliſt. You ſhall never doubt it.

Irene. Ah Caliſta!
Think of the pleaſant hours we three have ſpent
In Childiſh ſports together, ---- call to mind
How both of us have ſtrove which moſt ſhou'd pleaſe you.

Caliſt. Plead not our wanton Childiſh Tales to me,
I am a Woman, and do ſee the Danger
Of that bewitching Beauty you have got,
Therefore make haſte and chuſe your way of dying.

Irene. Save but *Vdoxia*'s life, I'le call that Mercy,
And with my dying Breath beg pardon for you.

Vdox. *Irene*, ne're ſpeak of that, give me the Cup,
I do defie all kindneſs from the Monſter
Except you ſhare it too----

Caliſt. Bravely Reſolv'd!
But do not drink it all, one half will ſerve;
I try'd it on a Slave, and he dy'd calmly,
Made no ill Faces as ſome people do.

Iren. Come then, let's take our everlaſting leaves
Of all our Sorrows here, ---- my thoughts begin
To prompt me it is brave to leave this world,
And all it's flattering, falſe, and painted joys,
Which do allure to real Miſeries.
Vdoxia, lead the way.

Vdox. Farewel *Dorello*. *She drinks and gives the Cup to* Irene.

Iren. And farewel now for ever my *Thomazo*. *Drinks.*

Caliſt. Curſe on his Name, it ſtaggers me a little;
But Love Adieu! and Tryumph my Revenge!
In thy firſt Conqueſt ----- Farewel Play-fellows. *Exit* Caliſt.

Synan. Sure 'tis ſome Bodied Fury this, not Woman;
Ladies, you'l find your Deaths ſteal gently on you
Like a ſoft Sleep: but yet to ſhew I wou'd
Do any thing was in my power to ſerve you,
I'le ſend the little Traytor, *Mutantrope*
To find *Dorello* out, and bring him to you.

Vdox.

Vdox. May Heav'n reward your Charity, my Lord,
It is the only thing I'd wish on Earth.
Synan. You shall not fail of that ---- now *Mustapha*,
Our Plot is Ripe to ruine this *Medea*. *Exit.*
Iren. Whither, dear Friend, are thou and I a going?
Vdox. To Heaven *Irene*.
Irene. Heav'n is a great way off,
And though I doubt not, we shall soon reach thither,
Yet Nature shudders at the world of Miles
That Fancy says is thither ---- Ah *Vdoxia*----
I hope we shall know one another there.
Vdox. I hope soo too ---- yet, what the pleasure is
Which happy Souls enjoy, I cannot guess,
But sure it won't be any thing like those
We do enjoy on Earth.
Irene. Ay, there's the fright;
Methinks we're about to lose our selves,
And change to something else. Tho' what we know not?
But we shall ne're be We again I fear.
Vdox. Yet this we're certain of we can't be worse.

Enter Mutantrope, *and observes them, then* Exit.
Enter Dorello *and* Thomazo.

But see the Boy! I hope *Dorello*'s coming.
Dorel. It makes me happy I'm in your thoughts.
Vdox. I'le own that nought on Earth could be so welcome.
Irene. Nor to me neither except Prince *Thomazo*.
Thom. That word in spight of Fortune makes me happy.
Iren. Ah! do I see you Sir? Then welcome Death--- *faints away.*
Thom. How's this! *Irene*! paleness sits on her lips.
Dorel. The sudden Joy o'recame her---- give her Breath,
She'l come to her self----
Vdox. Never on Earth.
Thom. What dreadful word is that? it pierc'd my Soul!
Vdox. The strange Surprize did make the Poison work.
Dorel. Poison!
Vdox. Ay Sir, *Calista* Poison'd her.
Dorel. Ah Horrid Deed! but see the Prince Sir, Sir,

I fear

I fear his Soul's not proof againſt this blow.
Thom. *Irene* ſo Angry, that ſhe will not ſpeak!
Ha! Poiſon! Never! I will not have *Caliſta*,
Her Father is a Traytor ----- but *Irene*
Is the great Sultans Miſtriſs, ---- Is ſhe ſo?
Then I'le turn Hermit in a Grove of Willows,
Berrys of Baleful Ivy ſhall be my Food,
And the Drink nothing elſe but my own Tears!
For fair *Irene* is falſe.
Dorel. Ah dire miſhap,
His ſcarce Cur'd Lunacy agen returns:
Great Sir, *Irene* is Vertuous----
Thom. Then I'le have her.
I will my Self deſtroy the Sultans Army,
And Reſcue my *Irene* ----- to horſe ---- to horſe -----
Draw up the Guards and follow, ---- ſound a Charge-----
What do you Run you Dogs---- *Draws & exiturus,*
Dorel. Oh, good Sir ſtay----- *is held by* Dorello.
Diſcover'd once, he will be loſt for ever-----
Thom. What are you that take me Priſoner?
I won't have Quarter now *Irene* is loſt.
Dorel. Look on me Sir! do not you know *Dorello*?
Thom. Ha! where's *Irene*? Oh! there, She's there---
Have I recover'd her? ---- I thank you all----
You have Fought bravely ---- you ſhall all be Knighted.
But won't *Irene* ſpeak to her own *Thomazo*?
Pardon me, Madam,---by all my Love I thought *Kneels by her.*
'Twas you I ſhou'd have Marry'd.
Vdox. Ah poor Prince!
Dorello, look to him ---- but if you can
Procure our Bodies Chriſtian Funerals,
I know hers does, and I hope mine deſerves it.
Dorel. What mean you, Madam?
Vdox. I find the Poiſon works on me apace.
Dorel. What are you poyſon'd too!
Vdox. Ay Sir, *Caliſta*
Was kind in that, to let us Die together.
I can no more! Farewel, my dear *Dorello*.

Enter

Enter Caliſta *and* Mutes.

Dorel. I envy not the Prince! why do not I
Learn the ſame Art to loſe my greif in Madneſs.
Caliſt. What men are theſe, ſeize on them; ha! *Thomazo*
Dorello too! *They ſeize them,* Thom. *ſtands amaz'd.*
Dorel. Ah thou curſed Monſter!
What Devil taught thee all this Cruelty?
Caliſt. I learn't it of that Prince, he taught me firſt
To find my Nature bad----I elſe had liv'd
A puling vertue, ſtill frighted with tales
Of Hell and Devils, with other ſilly Bug-bears;
But ſeeing him the ſtout and brave *Thomazo*,
The Wiſe, Juſt, Generous, and great *Thomazo*,
Take pleaſure to betray a harmleſs Maid:
This taught me rage, and rag'd inſtill'd revenge,
Which made me do this petty triffling miſchief;
But that's not half enough, ſince above my hopes,
You two are fallen thus into my hands.
Dorel. Ay, dare thy worſt; as for that noble Prince,
Were he but ſafe, Death were to me favour.
Caliſt. Nay, you ſhall both together! Slaves your ſtrings.
Mutes *put Bow-ſtrings on them.*
Thom. Though I'm a Priſoner; I'le
Wear no Chaines but thoſe of faire *Irene*!
Dorel. *Irene* is Poiſon'd!
Poiſon'd moſt Noble Prince, by this damn'd Monſter.
Thom. Ha! 'tis the Devil *Dorello*, 'tis the Devil:
He has *Caliſta's* ſhape, but 'tis a Devil,
He cannot hurt me though, for I defy him;
Ha, ha, ha, --- ſee! how the Devil weeps
Becauſe he cannot get his will to hurt us.
VVe are too honeſt for his Miſchief, --- let me go,
I'le make him vaniſh with a Vengeance hence.
Caliſt. Oh! I could chide my Eyes for ſhewing greif,
Tho' tis a Killing ſight.---- *Thomazo* is Mad!
How came he thus *Dorello*?
Dorel. Can you ask?

And

And see *Irene* lie Murder'd there by you?
Calist. Oh I wou'd rail and call him if I cou'd,
Ungrateful, base *Thamazo.* But this sight
Renews agen my Love, and stops my Mouth.
Dorel. Talk not of Love at all, much less for him,
That is too good a Passion for thy Soul,
And he a Cause too Noble.
Calist. Ah *Dorello*!
Judge but from whence proceeds this Flood of Tears!
Dorel. They're such as Crocodiles by *Nilus* shed.
Calist. Nay, rather such as once *Medea* did,
When she dispers'd her tender Brothers limbs;
Love taught her Cruelty, and I perceive
'Twas that, and not Revenge has Murder'd these.
Dorel. If cruel hearts, like yours, be capable
Of Love, yet all you have the Sultan claims.
Calist. The Sultans Title sprung from my Ambition,
But now that Passions cloy'd, and Love returns.
Dorel. Madam, why do you pause? pray give me death,
Vdoxia chides my sloath for staying thus. Thom. *starts up.*
Thom. Ha! Sir! I am no Traytor! I'm your Brother,
Ask *Dorello* if the Dam'd Chancellor
Be not the Mighty Traytor of your State---
But see his Daughter----She shall be Sultaness.----
I will have none of her----She is a Monster----
See see----how she's besmear'd with Blood,
But where's *Irene*----Alas! She's angry---Ah me--
I will have none but her---
Dorel. Alas poor Prince!
The fair *Irene* is Murder'd by *Calista.*
Thom. Ha! Murder'd! *Irene* Murder'd---then *Calista*
Shall be torn Limb from Limb by horrid Devils!
Her Soul shall turn that fatal Bird of Night,
With Crokes and Crokes for sad departing Souls.

SONG.

SONG.

IN Caves full of Sculls, and rotten old Bones, He Sings.
She Sighs in the Day-time, and in the Night Groans.
'Mongſt Ghoſts of the Guilty, for ever She'l howle,
And in Beds fill'd with Serpents eternally Role.
But I and Irene *will be Merry,*
Amongſt happy Lovers we'l Play,
Ah Charon! *make haſt with your Ferry,*
Row hard, and I'le double your Pay.
Irene we'l part no more------- *Falls down.*

Caliſt. Why do you pauſe upon't? he in his Madneſs ſhews
His laſting hate to me, and Love to her;
Revenge is rous'd again by Jealouſie,
And now I wiſh him Dead; Paſſions in me
Like Tides in ſome great Rivers, flow not in,
But firſt in heaps of Water take their view,
Then Roar, then tumble in Mountains of Sea,
Devouring Shores almoſt as quick as thought;
So now your times are come.

Dorel. I do rejoyce----

Caliſt. Your joy ſhall be but ſhort, pull Slaves! *Enter* Synan.

Synan. Hold Doggs!------

Caliſt. Synan! how's this? dare you controul our orders?

Synan. Not but by his; whom you your ſelf obey.
Our Mighty Sultan ſaw and pitty'd him.

Caliſt. Oh I am loſt.

Synan. No, Madam, I am ſo without your Mercy;
And 'tis 'gainſt me alone his Rage is bent,
For thus deluding him about *Irene*:
But ſave my Life ſince for your ſake I did it.

Caliſt. No *Synan*, if thy Fate depends on me,
Thou muſt expect a dreadful Deſtiny.

Synan. I ſee my Deaths inevitable now!
But I am glad my life does Ranſome yours.

Dorel. You cannot give us life, in them we die.

Synan. That Death will but continue till they wake.

Dorel. How wake! my Lord! do not deſpiſe our griefs.

Synan. 'Tis but a ſleepy potion, which they took,
Which I prepar'd to ſave them from *Caliſta*.
Dorel. My Lord, my Lord, you grieve without a cauſe
For fair *Irene*'s not dead; This noble Baſſa
Who knows no falſhood ſayes it.
Thom. What is that?
Dorel. *Irene* is living Sir.
Thom. Ay, but She's angry,
She won't ſpeak one word to poor *Thomazo*.
Dorel. Sir! ſhe's a ſleep!
Thom. Ah do not wake her then!
Huſht! huſht! no noiſe, I pray let her ſleep----
She will be pleas'd anon---- ſteale ſoftly out----
Softly----ſoftly----do not wake her for the world.
She's Dreaming now of poor *Thomazo*'s love. *Exit* ſoftly.
Synan. I muſt admire the wayes of providence,
That ſtrangely thus by wicked mens deſigns,
Does oft protect the juſt----your Chancellor
To fortify his greatneſs in our Court
Has caus'd your being here, where you are ſafe,
Which elſe you cou'd not be in our next ſtorm:
For then the Town's betray'd: The General
Has promis'd to march out with all his Souldiers,
And there's a Royal Half-moon Banner ſent
To th' Chancellor which will protect his houſe----
Dorel. Good my Lord,
Let not the Prince hear this but by degrees,
His Brother and his Country's loſs will be
A Greif his worthy mind will hardly bare,
Shou'd he recover this which now aſſaults him.
Synan. My Lord, you freely ſhall command this place:
Whilſt I have any Breath to give that power,
And after that, you ſafely may rely----
Upon our Sultans friendſhip to the Prince,
Which I dare ſay is reall: But I muſt
Make haſt and meet that Death now ſtays for me.
Dorel. My Lord! I hope much better.
Synan. No, my Lord!

Our

Our Sultan's Frowns are Mortal; they're met by this
To be ſpectators of my Tragedy.
Carry the Ladies in----when I am dead----
May you, my Lord, and all your Friends be happy. *Mutes carry in the Ladies.*
Dorel. My Lord! farewell; may Heav'n preſerve
You ſtill------ *Exit* Synan.
But yet I fear he's loſt: Vertue on Earth
Is like ſome wholeſome Herb o're grown with Hemlock,
There is ſo little, men can hardly find it,
And all that uſe it are unfortunate------ *Exeunt.*

Enter Emperor, Theoph. Chancellor, Cardinal, *Attendants.*

Theoph. This Information puzles my belief,
I ſooner ſhou'd have doubted my own Faith
Then Prince *Thomazo*'s----- ſure it cannot be.
Card. The things too evident for any doubt;
Hot ſpur'd Ambition in a Young mans breaſt
Ne're boyles at a Crime wou'd give it Checque.
Theoph. But ſure the world muſt end, when Crimes like theſe
Are boldly Acted by the beſt of men;
Vertue has ſpent her utmoſt ſtock on Earth;-----
Vertue, that Cement of the World, grows looſe,
Then Nature ſure muſt ſhake into its Chaos.
Irene to turn a Strumpet, did Amaze me!
Though ſhe's a Woman-----but for Prince *Thomazo*
To make a baſe Revolt, is Miraculous.
Emp. What can an Emperor, bounded and ty'd
By Laws, Act more than I already have-----
But Heav'n and all things elſe conſpire our Ruin,
What can we then more but reſolve to Die;
Story ſhall never ſay I did neglect
My perſonal Duty to the very laſt.
Chanc. No, Mighty Sir, had the Revolted Prince,
And others of his Faction, but bin faithful,
You might have ſhin'd in Hiſtory, as great,
As does that *Conſtantine* who firſt Raign'd here.
Emp. Heav'n ſtrangely brings its great Decrees about

A *Conſtantine*, whoſe Mothers name was *Helena*,
Began this Empire: The Biſhop of this See
Was *Theodotius* then, ſo all are new,
Both, and State muſt ſink in the ſame names
As founded them; but let Heavens will be done.
Card. Diſpair not Mighty Sir; the ways of Heav'n
Are paſt all finding out, who knows but you
May give a new beginning to this Empire
By driving back this faithleſs Mahomet.
Emp. I for my ſubjects ſakes, perhaps could wiſh it,
Though for my ſelf a worthy death is beſt;
Which I have ſought from *Mahomets* own hand
By ſingle fight; but that he baſely waves
With Crowds of bleeding ſlaves he ſnatches glory,
Which flyes from me, who court it ſtill in perſon.

Enter Juſtiniano.

Juſtin. Sir I am come once more to ask our Pay,
Which, if deny'd, we preſently will March.
Chanc. Now it begins to work! *Aſide.*
Emp. Do as you pleaſe,
My ſubjects obſtinate to all entreaties,
Deny me their ſupplies; and I'm reſolv'd
Rather to periſh with them, then extend
My Regal pow'r beyond its uſual bounds:
Blinded they are, and blinded let them be,
Since they love Gold beyond themſelves and me.
Juſtin. Bare witneſs all, that 'tis no fault of mine
This Empire ſinkes: I could have propt it yet;
And with this ſingle Arm ſuſtain'd it's weight,
Had not affronts upon affronts at firſt
Diſarm'd me of the power to wiſh your good;
But I'le not ſtay to bury all my glory
Under your mighty ruines; no, my Sword,
When you are nothing but the name of Prince,
Shall give me the full power of being ſo----
Theop. Sir; will you patiently endure this ſlight!
Emp. Let him, and all the world grow inſolent;

It

It ſhall not move my rage: My Brothers Crimes
Have ſtupify'd my Anger. *Enter* Captain.
Capt. Mighty Sir;
The perdues do fly in the *Turks* advance
As if they did intend a general Storm.
Emp. All that dare not be Slaves, now follow me;
To certain Death, or glorious Victorie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thomazo *and* Dorello.

Thom. Dorello! ſure I'm deluded ſtill
And this I feel's another ſort of madneſs,
Is it not ſo, *Dorello?*
Dorel. No, my Lord;
Your cauſe of joy is ſollid, like thoſe Cares,
Whoſe unexpected ſounds, diſtemper'd you.
Emp. Am I then known, and in the Turkiſh Camp,
Yet free from Chaines? and does *Irene* ſtill live?
Nay, live for Prince Thomazo! this, *Dorello*,
My ſickly fancy wou'd perſwade is true.

Enter Synan.

Dorel. For all theſe mighty Bleſſings, next to Heav'n,
We owe our thanks toth' noble Eunuch Baſſa,
I wiſh his ſafety were as firm as ours. *Enter* Mutes *with* Caliſta's *head.*
Synan. Thanks to that hearty wiſh, and ſo it is;
See there the head that lately threaten'd mine.
Thom. Oh wonderful! *Caliſta*'s head cut off!
Synan. Ay noble Prince! our Sultan has deceiv'd us;
But to our ſatisfaction, for juſt now
Mounted upon a Throne in full aſſembly,
He did expoſe this Beauty to our view,
Seeming to glory in ſo rich a Jewel.
And had his praiſe Eccho'd back by us:
Then Beckon'd me, I went and kneel'd before him;
Thinking my ſelf a Victim to her Triumph,
And ſhe believ'd it too, for big with joy,
Her Eyes roll'd Grace to all; but ſcornes on me,
When in her height of Pride, one ſudden blow

Given

Given by the Sultans Sword, took off her Head
So quick, she cou'd not shreek one Pray'r for Mercy:
Then throwing me the Head---- cry'd, *Synan* take it,
And smiling, bid us see, how much he valu'd
True Glory above Beauty---- but the Storm
Will presently begin, and I must thither,
And be an Actor in this Scene of Fate
Which will Create our Sultan Emperor.
Thom. Are you assur'd my Lord the Town will yield?
Synan. Nothing more certain Sir, the Town's betray'd,
But Heav'n has so contriv'd that you are safe:
Farewell most noble Lords; if I am slain---
Think of me---- If I live, I'm still your Servant. *Exeunt* Synan, *&c.*
Thom. Ah *Dorello*, 'tis not for us to live
Beyond our Princes Ruin. No, Brother,
Thomazo's Love and Fortune shall give way
When's Honour, or your safety is in question;
Come Friends, let's once again Enter the Town,
And leave the Ladies here, they'l still be safe,
What e're becomes of that, or of our lives,
Though Dead in them, some part of us survives. *Exeunt.*

Enter Emperor, Theophilus, *and Attendants with Swords drawn, They pass over the Stage in haste, great Clamors and Noise.* { *Trumpets and Drums beat a Battle.*

Enter Chancellor, Lorenzo, *and* Michael, *like Turks above.*

Chanc. The sport's begun, that noise which dreadful sounds
To others Ears, to mine seems sprightly Musick.
Day breaks apace, as soon as we perceive
The Town is taken, hang the Banner out.
Loren. Shall we admit of such as seek Protection?
Chanc. No, not the Emperor himself shall enter;
Let them e'en take their Chance. *Shouts.*
Oh, that was brave! *Cries, and running o're the stage, all's lost, all's lost.*
Hang out the Banner strait, the Town's our own.

The

The Banner hung out, Enter Chriſtians, drove in by Turks. Enter Emperor, Theoph. *&c. Who make ſtrong Fight by giving way. Enter* Thomazo *and* Dorello *Fighting, and driving off the Turks.*

Lorenz. See there! the Prince *Thomazo* and *Dorello*
Are Fighting on this ſide.
Chanc. I'm glad of that,
This forfeits all his favour with the *Turk*,
And 'tis not in his Pow'r to ſave the Town.

Enter Emperor, Thomazo, Dorello, Theoph.

Emp. Brother, your Loyalty does bring a joy
Beyond what Victory it ſelf wou'd do.
Thom. Ah Royal Sir, there is no time to talk,
Our Men can never hold the ground we gain'd;
Were but your Perſon ſafe, I wou'd not Care.
Emp. 'Tis ſafe whilſt Guarded by your Noble Sword,
And mine I hope ſhall prove a Guard to yours.
Thom. Sir, 'tis in vain to hope to keep the Town:
Then take this time to ſave your ſelf by Flight,
Whilſt I make Head againſt the Entring *Turks*.
Emp. How Brother, Fly! No, it ſhall ne're be ſaid
That I ſurviv'd a loſs ſo great, as is
So brave a Brother, and an Empire too.
Thom. Sir, be not obſtinate! but ſee a Flag
That ſpeaks Protection to the Chancellor,
Open your Gates my Lord, and take but in
Your Emperor and *Theophilus*; ſuch a Deed
Will make Atonement now for all your Crimes.
Emp. I will not hold my Safety from a Villain.
Chanc. No Sir, content your ſelf, you come not here,
Nor any perſon elſe ---- my Crimes, my Lord,
Are got above the puniſhment of Heav'n. *Shouts and Clamours.*
Emp. Infamous Renegade ------ but the Noiſe
Calls loud for our aſſiſtance ----- *Exit.*
Thom. Come, *Dorella*,

Let's

Let's Keep him safe as long as e're we can---- *Ex. all but* Theop.

Theop. Blasphemous Traytor, are thy Crimes so great?
Thou thinks the pow'rs above han't strength to punish!

Chanc. Talk not my Lord, I for your Daughters sake
Will let you singly in, and save your life.

Theop. No cursed Dog, I'd sooner find my Death
From my own hand, then owe my life to thee. *Exit.*

Chanc. Nay, if you be so brisk, e'en take your Chance!
What insolent Slaves are these? *Enter* Cardinal.

Card. Oh my good Lord!
Let me but find protection in your House!

Chanc. Alas my Lord, your Eminence on foot!
'Tis a great way to *Rome*; you had best make hast,
Spare Complements to me----you have my leave----

Card. My Lord! mock not my misery.

Chanc. You'l be belated truly, wanting Horses,
My Duty to his Holiness, and tell him,
I've ended now this long continuing Schisme
To his own hearts Content!

Card. Impudent Traytor! *A noise! Enter Christians retreating.*

Chanc. See see, the Cardinal has lost his Gout---- *Ex.* Card. *runing.*

Enter Emperor, Thomazo, Theoph. Dorello, *and Guards Fighting before the Turks.* Emperor *falls Dead.*

Thom. Oh Heavens! the Emperor's Slain, preserve his Body.

They Fight. Enter Synan, *who fighting falls. They are going to Kill him.* Thomazo *prevents it*------

Accept your Life from Prince *Thomazo* Sir,
As part of recompence for all your favour Sir.

Synan. Most noble Prince, persist not thus in vain
To stop the Current of our Victory,
Which will at last flow o're, and drown you all;
You, and those you shall chuse, shall on my honour,
Be safe from either Death or Slavery.----

Thom. I've nothing now to fight for, but my self,
Since this brave Prince is Slain, therefore I yield
To be a Prisoner to Noble *Synan.*

Synan.

Syna. Christians, put up your Swords, this party shall
Continue as a guard about your person,
But that they may be safe, I will appoint
Some *Janizaries* that may joyne with them.
Thom. Your Favours all are large!
Syna. Lord Chancellor,
The Sultan does require your person should, should,
Be brought before him straight.
Chanc. With hast I'le fly
To Kiss the Foot of our great Emperour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Irene *and* Udoxia.

Udox. What various changes have our miseries?
Irene. 'Tis better sure we had for ever slept
Then onely wak't to a more grievous Death.
Udox. See yonder! how the Flames ascend the Skies,
Seeming to melt the Heavens.
Iren. O sad sight!
This is the Prince *Thomazo*'s Funeral Pile,
And I ungrateful, I don't leap into't,
But I'le not long survive thee, noble Prince,
For in a Flood of Teares I'le drown my self,
Thus from two warring Elements we'l meet
Above; yet keep an everlasting Peace!
Udox. I yet could Chide, methinks their gallantry
That cou'd expose both us and them to ruine,
In such a needless danger as they sought.
Irene. No 'twas their duty lead them to the fight,
And I do love *Thomazo*'s flame too well,
To wish him safe with loss of any honour,
Though to revive from Death, and meet him well,
Then straight again to lose him, seems severe.
Udox. Ha! what vision's this! *Enter* Thomazo Theop, *&c.*
Theop. Do I see thee alive, and vertuous both?
Can Heav'n bring joy after these fatal losses!
Irene, our Prince is slain and Country lost.
Irene. Did not the thoughts of that suspend my joy,
To see *Thomazo* and your self alive,

I scarcely should be able to support it.

Enter Synan.

Synan. Great Sir! the Sultan has commanded me,
To greet you with this stile----King of *Morea*;
For with that Kingdom he does now invest you,
Under the tribute of an Annual Horse.

Thom. Your Princes's soul's as large as is his Empire,
And I with grateful thanks receive the guift.

Synan. That action which I fear'd would raise his anger
Increas'd but his esteeme----He said, you could
Have found no better way to perfect glory
Then this last act of fighting for your Brother:
And it has strengthen'd much his Friendship to you.

Thom. How shall I e're expres my gratitude
For all these Mighty Favours he bestowes.

Synan. The riches in the Town are found prodigious;
Though basely they deny'd their Prince assistance;
For which 600000. Thousand Souls and more
Forever must into-----Captivity-----
As a just reward for their Disobedience!
Only he does permit you shall set free
Ten thousand of such Persons you best like;
The Chancellor and some few other Traitors
He only does except: For they must die
A just example to all future times;
He further does intend a Noble present
For this fair Lady; whom he dares not see.

Thom. He is a Prince of such a mighty Soul;
Vertues in him contend for Victory,
And each of them in turn do gain a Triumph.

Synan. The Execution's doing on the Traytors! *A noise of groaning.*
Step but a broad and you may see the Train,
I'le go and cleer, and stand-- *Exit.*

Theop. Fame certainly does spread abro'de
'Twas you the Sultan kill'd.

Irene. That errour does arise because we were
Ne're seen by any person but the Mutes;

The

The Sultan, and two Baſſa's, ſince we came,
And Fame does ſtill report I was his Miſtreſs.
Thom. Let fame be ſtill a Lyar, my *Irene*,
And ſay, 'tis thou art Dead, ſo I can thus
Admire thy living Beauties---- but let's go
And ſee the Sultans juſtice upon Traitors-- *Exeunt.*

The Scene a great Number of Dead and Dying men in ſeveral manner of Death's. The Chancellor, Lorenzo, *and* Michael *Empal'd.*

Within. Make way there! Make way. *Enter* Synan *and*
Theoph. What a ſad ſight is this? Mutes, Thomazo,
Dorel. This is a ſevere extenſion of his power. Dorello, *& the reſt.*
Thom. This *Turkiſh* way of rule threatens the world,
As if their Creſcent would at laſt be full,
And rule it all.
Synan. This is the way to govern:
Severity, not Mercy, ſtrengthens power.
See there your Chancellor and his two Scribes.
Thom. I pitty them, though they deſerv'd far worſe,
For ruining their Country, whoſe ſad Fate,
We during life ſhall Mourn, yet in our Tales
We muſt your Vertue, and the Sultans praiſe,
And Monuments of Thanks for ever raiſe, *Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

The Sultan, and two Bassa's, since we came,
And Fame does still report I was his Mistress.
Thom. Let fame be still a Lyar, my *Irene*,
And say, 'tis thou art Dead, so I can thus
Admire thy living Beauties---- but let's go
And see the Sultans justice upon Traitors--

Exeunt.

The Scene a great Number of Dead and Dying men in several manners of Death. The Chancellor, Lorenzo, and Michael Empal'd.

Within. Make way there! Make way. *Enter Synan and*
Thomb. What a sad sight is this? *Mutes, Thomazo,*
Dorel. This is a severe extension of his power. *Dorello, & Cherry.*
Thomb. This *Thomb* way of rule threatens the world,
As if their Crescent would at last be full,
And rule it all.
Synan. This is the way to govern:
Severity, not Mercy strengthens power.
See there your Chancellor and his two peribes.
Thom. I pitty them, though they deserv'd for worse,
For ruining their Country, whose last Fate,
We during life shall Mourn, yet in our Tales
We must your Vertue, and the Sultans praise,
And Monuments of Thanks for ever raise.

Exeunt.

FINIS.